

ALABAMA CHALLENGES NEBRASKA FOR No.1

Johnny Musso attacks Auburn

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 6, 1971 60 CENTS





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The shape of things to come.

Prediction

The Volkswagen Beetle will be around for years to come.

Prediction

Someone else somewhere will introduce a new economy car and there will be lots of excitement.

Prediction

The excitement will die down.

Prediction

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Prediction

Our engineers will continue to improve the way the car works and our stylists will continue to be frustrated.

Prediction

Sometime in 1972, the Beetle will become the most popular single model automobile ever made in the world, surpassing the Model T Ford with production of over 15 million vehicles.



Prediction

We won't let that last prediction go to our heads.

Contents

DECEMBER 6, 1975 Volume 35, No. 23

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

The Battle for No. 1

- 22 Nebraska rallied to defeat Oklahoma and stay on top
25 But Alabama, which thrashed Auburn, poses a new threat

28 The Loser Takes \$1 Million

Ken Rosewall defeated Laver in the WCT grand finale, but second-place money made Rod a millionaire

30 The Cowboys Are Best—on Paper

Alas, they play on a field where they have folded more ways than a piece of origami. This year may be different

38 A Long Swim off a Short Pier

Marathon swimming is no fun but, as Diana Nyad found, it sure beats parachuting out of a fourth-floor window

48 Skiing Canada's Big Back Country

Choppers open a new land of snow so vast that it could swallow all of wintertime Europe

56 One Last Impossible Shot at Fame

For those who have failed in sports, who never made the team though they tried desperately, we offer a solution

102 If you Can't See, Smell or Taste It

A vodka company sponsored a world surfing championships, and the riposte to the above is: you can always surf on it

104 The Grail Still Swims

Supreme effort was not enough in this quest for permit on the Yucatan Peninsula; supreme sacrifice was called for

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 19 Scorecard | 94 Cross Country |
| 64 People | 96 Pro Football |
| 69 College Football | 102 Surfing |
| 76 Horse Racing | 127 For the Record |
| 82 Hunting | 128 19th Hole |
| 88 Boating | |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year end, by Time Inc., 341 North Dearborn Court, Chicago, Ill. 60610; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepler, President; Richard E. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles R. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year; outside the world \$18.00 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

Credits on page 127

Next week

WINDLWIND OFFENSE sends the speedy Los Angeles Lakers off on a basketball rampage—and stampede watcher Peter Carri has the inside story on how the West was run

A GOOD JOE is Dolphin super scout Joe Thomas who, through such canny—or uncanny—acquisitions as Jim Kack and Paul Warfield, has made Miami a big winner.

THE VILLAINS, who stir anger and bellying rage in packed hockey arenas, are quite different personalities off the ice. Pat Jordae takes a soft look at some hard guys.

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BOOKTALK

An anthology of early gridiron literature catches the spirit of the game's pioneers

In an age of rampant nostalgia, Allison Danzig's anthology of oldtime football writing, *Oh, How They Played the Game* (The Macmillan Co., \$10), has something for everyone—for devotees of the modern game as well as old fanatics. The contributions by former coaches and players, as well as those by newspaper and magazine writers, are refreshingly free of emphasis on the superiority of past gridiron greats; in fact, many of the oldtimers concede that the modern college game is better than the one they played.

But college football in those days had a very different setting and cast of characters, a kind of luster that comes only with time. It all started in 1869, with Princeton vs. Rutgers on a field in New Brunswick, N.J. During that first-ever game, a crotchety Rutgers professor pedaled up to the scene on his bicycle, dismounted, waved his umbrella and shouted to the players, "You men will come to no Christian end!" In later years, after some deaths and injuries, efforts were made to abolish college football, and one of the pieces Danzig includes is a defense of the game by Theodore Roosevelt ("I emphatically disbelieve in seeing Harvard or any other college turn out mollycoddlers instead of vigorous men").

Much interesting material is included on those gridiron pioneers, Walter Camp, Amos Alonzo Stagg, John W. Heisman and Pop Warner. Recollections by and about players abound. (In 1937 Congressman Hamilton Fish, a standout tackle in the early 1900s, named his two "most lasting hobbies": Harvard football and the Republican Party.) The most interesting subjects, of course, are the great players and coaches who enriched the era—Grange, Rockne and Thorpe, whom Dwight Eisenhower called "the finest player I ever saw..."

George Ade, the Hoosier wit, and James Thurber, the Buckeye satirist, enliven the book with amusing contributions, and several classic columns by Grantland Rice reveal a deep knowledge and love of the game. The evolution of football from English rugby and soccer is traced through the writings of Walter Camp and others, who also probe the origins of its refinements. The game's popularity was not always so high. Next time you are turned down for an extra seat at The Game, consider the attendance at the first Yale-Harvard contest at New Haven in 1875. Only 140 Harvards showed up.

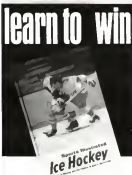
Danzig, a sportswriter on *The New York Times* for 45 years, has been selective in his choice of articles without displaying any overpowering prejudices—except, of course, for the game of football.

—M. R. WERNER

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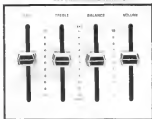


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A JCPenney 199⁹⁵ stereo system.



controls are slip-draw-a-blank type, slide until their mute pins connect. A design for undeviating, inexactness.

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A black and white photograph of a man with short, light-colored hair, wearing a dark jacket and light-colored trousers, sitting on a rocky beach. He is looking out towards the ocean under a bright, hazy sky. The foreground is filled with dark, jagged rocks.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



HEMINGWAY ON HIS 1952 SAFARI, IN A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY HEMINGWAY

It is sometimes our pleasure in this space to call attention to a writer of whom we are particularly proud, or to a story that we feel is unusually distinguished. This is such an occasion, on both counts. The writer is Ernest Hemingway, and his story, *African Journal*, is one that we will present in three parts beginning with our special end issue in two weeks.

In many respects, *African Journal* is a literary revelation. Based on a safari in Kenya that the author took with his wife Mary in 1953, it is a major addition to the body of Hemingway's outdoor writing, an area in which he has few equals in the English language. It is also the last unpublished Hemingway manuscript of its type, an extensive work of nonfiction, no part of which has been in print before.

African Journal will run in consecutive issues of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to a length of 55,000 words, which represents slightly more than a quarter of the original manuscript. Perhaps there is no simpler way of measuring the interest and reading pleasure we find in it than pointing out that it is, by a considerable margin, the longest story we have ever chosen to print.

The existence of *African Journal* first came to our attention in 1969, after Pennsylvania State University made an inventory of Hemingway's remaining unpublished manuscripts. The work was referred to in rather city-fair fashion as "African Book," but Assistant

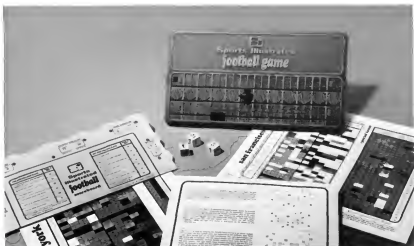
Managing Editor Ray Cave's alert curiosity led him to call our occasional contributor, Mary Hemingway, and ask her if this was by any chance a hunting story. Yet it was, she said, and a few days later sent 26 pages for us to read. The manuscript was fascinating, but since it ended in mid-sentence we inquired if perhaps there was some more. Yes, Mary said, there was more, and she would be pleased to have us see it if we were interested.

We were quite unprepared for what arrived—another 824 pages of Hemingway on safari.

Early this year Cave undertook to excerpt the huge manuscript, following two fundamental rules that he and Mary Hemingway agreed were vital to preserve the integrity of the work: all deletions would be indicated, there would be no editing changes of additions. Cave called the task both rewarding and unnerveing. "After a week or so," he says, "I began to sense a presence, a large offended figure looking over my shoulder, frowning at each cut I made."

Hemingway's presence is indeed there—in the vigor of the prose. The result is something quite special in the way of a hunting story.

Dick Munro



BLITZ?

You're up against a scrambling quarterback who reads the blitz as well as anyone in the league. Your San Francisco front four have been tremendous in keeping the pressure on him for three quarters, using your standard 4-3-4 and mixing in an occasional short yardage 6-1-4 and a spread 4-4-3. But now he's beginning to move his club more effectively. They've got the ball on your 43 yard line, 3rd and 8, three minutes to go, and you are nursing a very delicate 2 point lead. It's an obvious passing situation, but what do you do — stay with what's been working? Shift into a pass proven defense? Or maybe now's the time to let go with the blitz. If you nail him, they'll be out of field goal range and you have a good chance of running out the clock. But if he picks up the blitz and completes a short pass, you could blow the whole game.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

JAKE VS. THE NFL

The mixup among the Miami Dolphins, the Baltimore Colts, the NFL and Jake Gaither of Florida A&M (**SCORECARD**, Nov. 8 and 15) continues to bubble and boil. Briefly, the NFL scheduled a late-afternoon TV game between the Dolphins and the Colts in Miami on Saturday, Dec. 11, overlooking Florida A&M's prior right to the Orange Bowl that evening for its annual Orange Blossom Classic. The NFL refused to meet Gaither's stiff price for shifting his game to an unattractive morning starting time—"We'd lose 15,000 fans at \$5 apiece," Gaither said—and instead watched the Dolphins-Colts to Baltimore.

Now Miami's, rightfully excited about their division-leading Dolphins, are riled because the game in Baltimore apparently will not be shown on TV in Miami, since Federal Public Law 87-331 says a pro game cannot be televised within 75 miles of a site where a college game is being played on the same date. Naturally Gaither has come under pressure to allow the pro game to be on TV anyway. The *Miami Herald* even had its Washington man check with the Justice Department, which indicated no effort would be made to prosecute if Gaither did not object to the telecast.

But Gaither, who is on the NCAA's television committee, questioned whether he had the right to waive the law, even if he was of a mind to, and the NCAA strongly supported his stand. Tom Hansen, its assistant executive director, said the conflict came about because the NFL chose to schedule the game on Saturday during the college football season. "The law protects high school and college football from encroachment by professional football," Hansen wired Gaither. "NFL knew law and date of your game and is to blame for scheduling Miami game in this manner, even though it now is trying to focus blame for television problem on others."

It all comes down to money, of course. It cost \$83,562.82 to stage his game last year, Gaither said, and he needed every spectator he could get. "There's no way the telecast wouldn't hurt our game," he argued. "Who's going to sit and watch a pro game on TV that starts at 4 and ends around 7, eat supper and then come out and watch us?"

JUST PLAIN BILL

Not only are their card stunts hush (**SCORECARD**, Nov. 29), the Trojans of Southern California have fallen on hard times with names. USC's football history rings with the glorious sound of Orenthal James Simpson, Grenville A. Landless Jr., Irvine (Cotton) Warburton, Ambrose Schindler, Aramis Dandoy, Landon Exley . . . the list seems endless. But now? The star fullback on USC's fine freshman team this year is named Bill Fudge.

OVER TO YOU, RUSS

Bill Russell's debut as TV "color" man (a title whose irony tickles Russell's sense of humor) on the National Basketball Association's *Game of the Week* last Friday augurs well for tube gazing in the dreary winter afternoons ahead. Despite a tendency to mumble, which caused a few observations to be drowned in the crowd noise, the Russell wit was much in evidence, and his easy acceptance of the role of informed critic was refreshing. He took a number of players to task—though gently—for technical errors and mildly disparaged the eccentricities of Walt Bellamy, an old adversary. "Walter," Russell whispered delicately, "is inclined to be inconsistent." When Doris Marrey threw up an off-balance, poor-percentage hook shot and it went in, Russell observed, "My, my, strange things do happen."

In a more abrasive tone, he probably raised a few West Coast huckles, notably Jack Kent Cooke's and Walt Chamberlain's, when asked to account for the line start by the Los Angeles Lakers

this season. Yes, he conceded, they were doing all right "now that they've got two old Celtics [Coaches Bill Sharman and K.C. Jones] to straighten them out." Welcome back to basketball, William.

ANATOMY OF A WHISTLE-BLOWER

Scholars from Ithaca College and Cornell University recently completed a study of the background, personality and physical traits of basketball officials, both college and professional. The study, which took about a year to do, was an effort to determine the attributes that make a man a good or a poor official. Men rated from best to worst by coaches and fellow officials were included in the study. The final report, 29 pages long, is complex, but from it some generalizations can be extracted:

The taller the man, the better the official.

The larger the waist measurement, the poorer the official.

The higher the birth order—i.e., first born or the closer to it—the better the official.

The more sisters he has, the poorer the official.

But the more feminine traits he has, the better the official. Feminine personalities tend to be appreciative, patient, helpful, gentle, moderate and persevering—as compared to outgoing, hard-headed, ambitious, active, robust and restless masculine personalities.

Yet all officials are dominant. They are forceful, capable of influencing others.

They score high on self-acceptance. They are sure of themselves.

They like status.

They are conformist. The more conformist, the better the official.

Officials tend to be inflexible, deliberate, guarded, rigid, industrious; they are formal and pedantic in thought.

The higher the official is rated, the poorer his intellectual efficiency.

Top-rated officials are remarkably similar in personality.

Coaches are poor judges of officials; other officials are the best judges.

Finally, basketball is the toughest sport to officiate.

COP OUT

When you check out bowl scores, don't miss the one in Athens, Ga., where the Athens City Police Department meets a team composed of officers from the Clarke County Police, the Athens post

continued

of the state patrol and state treasury agents. The charity game is known formally as the Peace Officers' Bowl, but just about everyone in the college town—site of the University of Georgia—calls it the Pig Bowl, including the police themselves. Interest is so high that WNGC-FM, which will broadcast the game, sold all its available advertising time in 45 minutes. Last year the county police upset their city counterparts, even without using Georgia Quarterback Paul Gilbert, a local boy whom the county cops said they were going to swear in as deputy sheriff and starting quarterback. This year the confident county team joked that local bookies were giving the city and 20 points.

"The game is good public relations for the department," says County Sheriff Tommy Huff, "and it gets the men in good physical shape. This game is for real—there's no damn touch involved." Tom McGahee, the Athens police chief, adds, "The boys really put their hearts in it. Injuries are a problem, though. Some of the fellas have a little age on them, you know."

Local citizens generally look approvingly on the game as an engaging way to humanize the police, but a nagging worry persists. If all the fuzz is out playing football Saturday night, who's minding the jail?

COLLISION COURSE

A press release from the Miami Beach News Bureau on a boat race scheduled for next week said: "Powerboat champions of the world will meet head-on here to determine once and for all who is the best."

AD INFINITUM

It is soccer in New York State between Brighton High and Gates-Chili High to decide which school goes to the finals of the sectional championship. Corner kicks to break a tie are ruled out. The game is played Nov. 2 and Nov. 3 and Nov. 5. Dates are correct. On Nov. 2 neither team scored in either of the 30-minute halves of regular play and neither scored in four five-minute overtime periods. Next day Gates-Chili picked up a goal in the first half but Brighton tied it 1-1 in the second half. Neither could score in the four overtimes. On the third day they rested. On the fourth day Gates-Chili again scored in the first half but in the second half Brighton finally broke

things apart with three goals and held on to win 3-2. Six full halves and eight overtime periods—the teams, one might say, were evenly matched, some consolation to Gates-Chili since Brighton went on to win the championship.

NO POWDER PUFFS

The Pittsburgh Steelers may or may not be on the rise, but the Pittsburgh Powder Kegs are the team you should keep your eye on in western Pennsylvania. The Powder Kegs are girls. There are 19 of them and they earn \$20 a game (they won one and lost two this year, all against another girls' team called the Detroit Fil-



lies). They wear red and white uniforms, practice four days a week, employ a basic T offense and a 5-4 defense, block, tackle, are coached by a former NFL player named Charley Scales and have moves you wouldn't believe.

Many of the girls play both defense and offense. The biggest member of the squad is an end named Melena Barkman; Melena, a nurse, poses 180 pounds and stands 5'11". More typical is Guard Pat Jenkins, 5' 4" and 140, a wife and mother who used to be an exotic dancer (she had an eight-foot box constructor in her act before she took up trap blocks. Linda Hodge, 5' 6" and 120, is the quarterback. Linda, an assistant programmer at Westinghouse, says, "Football is extra money for me now, but if they formed a girls' league I'd quit my job and concentrate on football."

The Powder Kegs are run by a man named Don Dillman, whose interest in girls' football was fired by Promoter Leo Martin, who is trying to create a league.

Dillman says, "Passing and kicking are the weakest part of the game for the girls. But they really hit—pow!—and tackle. You wouldn't know they were girls, they hit so hard."

RUGGED TEAM

Head Coach Swanee Bucknell is not one for expounding to the press. When Utah radio station KALL asks him, "What's new?" in a live telephone interview, he always says, "Nothing" and hangs up. Still, now that the Ophir State Oulfs—that's the way you spell it—have won their first football game in 13 years, the move is on to make Bucknell Coach of the Year.

But never mind that. What counts with Utah football fans, and KALL's imaginary coach and team, is that Ophir State has solved the artificial-turf problem, particularly for schools with small budgets. The Oulfs covered their field with carpet remnants, cleverly sewn together. The fitted carpet provides an extra bonus. By following the seams, KALL reports, Ophir State players have mastered zone defending and can finesse opponents with intricate pass patterns. Who needs grass?

THEY SAID IT

- Mike Lucca, Detroit Lion linebacker, on his three key interceptions against the Chicago Bears: "Yeah, they gave me the game ball. If they hadn't given it to me, I would have taken it, anyway."

- Al Dorow, former Michigan State star now coaching the Hamilton Tiger-Cats: "Holding penalties—you could call one on every play, but the officials don't. And they never call back-to-back holding penalties against the same team. That's why, when your team is called for holding, everyone holds again on the next play—because it won't be called. Hell, we teach that on the sandlots down South."

- Dennis Awtry of the Philadelphia 76ers on his team's red, white and blue uniforms, which include stars and stripes: "When we play a bad game, it's like desecrating the flag."

- Vern Gale, Wayne State coach, after his team, which had a first down on its opponents' 17, picked up three penalties and an 11-yard loss to end up back on its own 27, fourth down and 66 yards to go: "Maybe it's not a record, but it certainly is disturbing."

END

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NEBRASKA RIDES HIGH

Unbeaten and No. 1, the Cornhuskers rallied for a dramatic victory over unbeaten and No. 2 Oklahoma in that publicized confrontation. Now they face an Orange Bowl battle with unbeaten Alabama **by DAN JENKINS**

In the land of the pickup truck and cream gravy for breakfast, down where the wind can blow through the walls of a diner and into the grooving lyrics of a country song on a jukebox—down there in dirt-kicking Big Eight territory—they played a football game on Thanksgiving Day that was mainly for the quarterback on the field and for self-styled gridiron intellectuals everywhere. The spectacle itself was for everybody, of course, for all of those who had been waiting weeks for Nebraska to meet Oklahoma, or for all the guys with their big stomachs and bigger Sletsons, and for all the luscious coeds who danced through the afternoons drinking daiquiris out of paper cups. But the game of chess that was played with hodies, that was strictly for the cerebral types who will keep playing it into the ages and wondering whether it was the greatest collegiate football battle ever. Under the agonizing conditions that existed, it will may have been.

Quality is what the game had more of than anything else. There had been scads of games in the past with equal pressure and buildup Games of the Decade or Poll Bowls or whatever you want to call them. Something played in a brimming-over stadium for limb, life and a national championship. But it is impossible to stir the pages of history and find one in which both teams performed so reputably for so long throughout the day.

In essence, what won it for Nebraska was a pearl of a punt return in the game's first 3½ minutes. Everything else balances out, more or less, even the precious few mistakes—Oklahoma's three fumbles against Nebraska's one, plus a costly Nebraska offside, the only penalty in the game. There was an unending fury

of offense from both teams that simply overwhelmed the defenses, maniacal though they were. But that is the way it is with modern college football. You can't take away every weapon. Both Nebraska and Oklahoma stopped the things they feared most, but in so doing they gave up practically everything else. From Oklahoma's record-cracking Washbone T the Cornhuskers removed the wide pitch to the halfback, mainly Greg Pruitt, but in doing so they relinquished the keep, the fullback into the middle and most of all the pass. To stop Pruitt, the Cornhuskers were forced to cover Wide Receiver Jon Harrison man for man, which they did ineffectually, thus allowing Harrison to catch four passes in critical situations, two for touchdowns. From Nebraska's imposing I spread and I slot Oklahoma took away the passing game but gave up the power running attack. So the two teams swapped touchdowns evenly from scrimmage, four for four, and Oklahoma added a field goal. But always there lingered the one thing they had not traded, that sudden, shocking, punt return by Nebraska's Johnny Rodgers.

It was one of those insanely thrilling things in which a single player, seized by the moment, twists, whirls, slips, holds his balance and, sprinting, makes it all the way to the goal line. Rodgers went 72 yards for the touchdown, one which keeps growing larger in the minds of all. And afterward, back on the Nebraska bench, he did what most everybody in Norman, Okla., probably felt like doing: he threw up.

"I don't know what I did or what I was thinking about," Rodgers said later. "The return was set up to the right, but I saw a hole to the left and cut back. I do remember seeing Joe Blahak

up ahead and thinking he would get a block for me."

Oklahoma's Joe Wylie had pointed the ball high and deep enough with the help of the gushing wind. The Sooner coverage was down fast, so fast that all of the 63,385 in Owen Stadium, not to mention the TV audience, must have felt Rodgers would have been much wiser to consider a fair catch. It never entered his mind.

Heavens to Omaha if Rodgers didn't catch it with Greg Pruitt right on him. He took the blow, spun around on his own 30-yard line and planted his left hand on the Tartan Turf to keep from falling. Strangely, Pruitt's lick only turned Rodgers away from the grasp of another lunging Oklahoma tackler, Ken Jones. With that, however, he set sail to the right. But just as quickly he then darted back to the left, through a whole cluster of wine-colored Sooner jerseys. There the maneuver ended. Rodgers was open and away from the flow of the coverage that had developed, heading for the left sideline. Ahead, his friend Joe Blahak, a cornerback, inherited the cheer of screening off or blocking the last man with a chance to make a tackle, the punter, Joe Wylie.

Wylie never had a good enough angle on Rodgers, although Johnny finally began to tire and Wylie is fast. It was academic; Blahak humped Wylie, and from there on, Rodgers, who has been doing this sort of thing for two years—scoring on punts and making other big plays—could have crawled reaching every inch and still scored.

continued

Over the top goes Nebraska's Jeff Kinney for the second of his four touchdowns.



What the punt return accomplished was monumental to the Nebraska cause. It ultimately allowed the Cornhuskers the luxury of an 11-point lead twice during the game, at 14-3 in the second quarter and at 28-17 late in the third quarter. It forced Oklahoma to go uphill all the way. And even when the Sooners' marvelous Jack Mildren overcame it twice, that bit of instinctive genius by Johnny Rodgers always had Nebraska's own brilliant quarterback, Jerry Tagge, in a position to retake the lead (or the game) with a single drive. Which Tagge coolly did when the scoreboard clock dictated that it was time, finally, and again, for the game to be won or lost by the Nebraska offense.

With 7:10 remaining in the fourth quarter, after Jack Mildren had run for two touchdowns and posed for two more to Harrison, his high school buddy from Abilene, Texas; after Mildren—always uphill—had Wishboned 467 yards in total offense for Oklahoma against the best defense in the country; indeed, after Jack Mildren had given the Sooners a 31-28 lead in a game that had every right, by now, certainly, to be running out of heroics, there was

still Jerry Tagge, Johnny Rodgers, a refrigerator truck named Jeff Kinney and the Nebraska offense, which kept on coming like the disciplined Prussians they have become under Bob Devaney.

Devaney is normally a calm and likable man, resembling in that respect Oklahoma's Chuck Fairbanks. He had lost his cool only once during the game, he later admitted, when he turned to his defense on the sideline and said facetiously, "Why don't you guys give Rich Glover some help once in a while?" This was in reference to the fact that Glover, the nose guard, sometimes seemed to be stopping Oklahoma single-handedly. But when that last offensive drive of 74 yards had to be accomplished, Devaney was back in character. He was willing to let Tagge handle it. Devaney stayed calm. So did Tagge. So did they all.

The steady pounding had begun to wear down the Oklahoma defense, which had proved better than expected, and Tagge knew it. The ground game had worked throughout the second half, with Kinney banging his way to the 174 yards (and four touchdowns) he would eventually wind up with. The frenzied Okla-

homa fans could sing *Boomer Sooner* and scream, "Defense, defense," all they wanted, but Jerry Tagge knew it had come down to his game to win.

"Nobody said a word in the huddle but me," Tagge said. "We all just knew what had to be done."

The drive required 12 plays and more than five minutes. Tagge would break out of the huddle and up to the line and frequently call an audible. He would key on the Oklahoma safety, who had to worry about a pass, and then run to the opposite side. He ran Kinney for a brutal 17 yards in which the big senior plainly broke three tackles. Tagge ran Kinney for 13 more yards on a play which saw the bruising I back cut grindingly outside and hammer down a wall of weary Sooners.

However, in between these two efforts by Kinney, whose white jersey was beginning to look like confetti, Tagge had to improvise a play that probably had more instant horror in it for both coaching staffs than any movie Vincent Price ever made. It was a pure shreker.

Nebraska had come to third down and eight at the Oklahoma 46, trailing by three, the clock running, 4½ minutes

On his remarkable punt return, Johnny Rodgers (26) darts through a cluster of Sooners, gets a fine block from Joe Bieback (37) and scores.



left and the Sooners' Wishbone just waiting to get the ball one more time.

Now then, Jerry Tagge is not a fast man or very much of a scrambler, and while he is a splendid pro prospect because of his size and savvy, he does not have a quick release and he sometimes has trouble seeing any receiver other than the primary one—most often Johnny Rodgers.

Tagge called a pass right there, and the Oklahoma rush got him in quick trouble. He had no alternative but to run for his life, if not the ball game. He went out to the right, looking, looking, with OU's best defensive end, Raymond Hamilton, closing in on him.

At the last second before being trapped for no more than a minimum gain, Tagge saw the squirming Rodgers between two Oklahoma linebackers. He drilled the ball low, but Rodgers sank to his knees and somehow caught it at the Sooner 35, just as he had somehow made that punt return. Enough for the first down. The Prussians were still coming.

Four plays and two minutes later it was second down at the Oklahoma six, and Tagge, who had been constantly glancing at the clock, called time-out. He knew that only a busted play could ruin Nebraska. Tagge wanted to chat with Devaney.

As Tagge remembers it, their conversation went something like this.

Tagge: "I know we can score, coach, but I've been worried about eating up the time."

Devaney: "We're going for the touchdown. There won't be any ties."

Tagge: "We'll get it."

Devaney: "What's your best play?"

Tagge: "I think it's the off-sackle with Jeff."

Devaney: "O.K. Let's run it without any mistakes."

Jerry Tagge and his friends did exactly that. Kinney slammed into the left side behind Tackle Daryl White, knocked down somebody again and made four yards. So Tagge called the same play and Kinney rammed into the end zone. That, plus the extra point, made it 35-31 and sent an estimated 30,000 ecstatic residents of Lincoln, Neb., scurrying out to the airport to greet the football team that would keep all of the town's cocktail waitresses in their red sweatshirts with the white No. 15 on them until New Year's Day at least. And probably longer.



Nebraska Quarterback Jerry Tagge (left) ran well; his counterpart, Jack Mildren, ran better.

BUT ALABAMA POSES ANOTHER THREAT

by PAT PUTNAM

As the dusk of Thanksgiving fell on Auburn's final practice session, Coach Shug Jordan sighed; he had just learned of Nebraska's victory. Out on the field the Tigers were finishing a kick-off drill. Most of them had watched the first half of the game on television, all of them pulling for the Sooners, their Sugar Bowl opponent. As the last practice kick came tumbling out of the semi-darkness, Jordan whistled his troops into a circle around him. "Well," he said, "I can tell that most of you have heard that Oklahoma lost." A few players nodded; none spoke. "What can you expect?" said Jordan. "When you fumble three times and bunch up on a punt and let a boy go 70 or 75 yards, well, that's no way to win. And if you can't get yourself together and stop a 74-yard drive in the last five minutes, you don't deserve to win. Now you know how not to win. But we're going to Birmingham

and do it right. And we're going to beat Alabama. We just ain't gonna have it no other damn way!"

Ah, but Alabama, with 13 of its 22 starters listed as walking wounded, was having thoughts much along the same vein, and, like Nebraska, it has a bunch of tough cocky kids on defense, any one of whom would be delighted to go one-on-one with a Panzer division. "We're ailing a bit," said Bear Bryant when pressed for a medical report. "but we just might hit a few people." Yeah. Bryant's defenders come on like a bunch of zoology students turned loose on a sack of frogs. They don't want to tackle you; they want to open you up and see what's inside. And when they get through operating on Auburn's potent offense they had won 31-7, and the Orange Bowl had itself a matchup that makes Thermopylae look like a beanbag contest.

continued



BATTLE FOR No. 1 continued

The pattern of the game was set early, to Bryant's delight and Jordan's dismay, and it never varied. When Auburn had the ball it was harassed badly. When Alabama had it, it kept it. And kept it. And kept it. Auburn had possession just 18 minutes and 11 seconds, lost one fumble and had two of Heisman Trophy winner Pat Sullivan's passes stolen, and managed but 179 yards. Before Alabama, the Tigers thought they were having an off day if they didn't gain more than that in one quarter. "One thing we have to do," Bryant had said, "is control the ball." Control it? Alabama owned it, owned it for a fantastic 41 minutes and 49 seconds, and most of the time it was hurtling through the Auburn defenses in the arms of Johnny Musso (*see cover*), who was running on a disjuncted big left toe that would have put a lot of other running backs on crutches.

Three weeks ago, against LSU, Musso's big toe was wrenched from its socket, and from then until he started against Auburn the best the 196-pound All-America senior halfback could manage was a half-speed lurch in tennis shoes. And he couldn't even do that until three days before the game. When Alabama went through its final light workout on Friday, Musso watched from the sidelines in street clothes. In nine

games he had scored 14 touchdowns and gained 921 yards. With that toe, he didn't figure to gain 921 inches against Auburn's band.

"Don't worry," said the handsome 21-year-old. "I'll play. I've got this gadget Trainer Jim Goostree rigged up for me." And he held up a red plastic cast that had been molded to fit his foot. "I'll just tape it on and away I'll go. Auburn has this banner out that says: STOP THE WORK. I've got one hanging over my bed." He smiled thinly. "I'm going to be there to give them a chance."

If the game itself were not enough, plus the speculation over whether or not Musso could play, and if so how well, everyone in Alabama spent the holiday week in a frenzy over the Heisman Trophy voting. Even Alabama fans were pulling for Auburn's Sullivan, a state hero who was trying to ignore the hoopla and concentrate on Saturday's game. At Auburn it was sometimes difficult to discern which was of more concern, Alabama or Sullivan's chances for the trophy. "We're not really that uptight about it," said one Auburn official. "No more than we would be if the rest of the country picked a military Hall of Fame and left out Robert E. Lee."

"I've been trying to put the Heisman out of my mind," Sullivan said. "I mean that I've been trying to build myself up

Prospects for victory seemed bright to one Auburn lady, but Alabama Quarterback Terry Davis derailed her day with two touchdown runs.



not to hope for it, then I won't be disappointed."

When the announcement was made over TV during the Georgia-Georgia Tech halftime Thanksgiving night, the little town of Auburn went berserk. Except for Pat Sullivan. He registered no emotion as his name was announced. Quietly he got up, walked across the room and shook hands with his father.

"Pat deserves it," said Shug Jordan with a smile. "He's a great player and a great person. And for as long as I've been here, the football players have been the leaders on campus. This is a real close-knit community. Our people don't think of players as baboons, gorillas or hoods. In fact, the enthusiasm for football in the whole state is remarkable. On a per capita basis, how could anyone rival the enthusiasm of these 3.4 million people? And I'll bet every one of them is delighted that Pat won the trophy."

If there was a feeling of oneness in the state over Sullivan on Thanksgiving night, there was none Saturday when Auburn took the opening kickoff and Alabama fans began screaming for blood. Auburn blood. Which they quickly got.

Bryant had Auburn defended to perfection. He put double coverage on Sullivan's two great wide receivers, Terry Beasley and Dick Schmalz, assigned a quick linebacker to watch the tight end, and then threw everybody else at the Auburn quarterback. Alabama dared Auburn to run, which it couldn't, and gave up the short pass. The very, very short pass, like those of three and four yards. And under a tremendous rush, which included three safety blitzes in the first two series, Sullivan took those short passes gratefully. Before the day ended, he completed 14 of 27 passes for 121 yards, but one of those was for 40. That meant the other 13 gained but 81 yards. And none of them went for touchdowns, only the second time that he was shut out this season.

Auburn's only score came on a pass, but it was from Tailback Harry Unger, after a pitch from Sullivan, to Beasley. By then Alabama had scored twice and looked very confident and very much in command.

What Alabama did as well was force Auburn into making the errors that had haunted Oklahoma two days earlier. On the fourth play of the afternoon Auburn's David Beverly went back to punt

and was smothered while trying to come up with a ground-skipping pass from center. Hey, hey, said Alabama with the ball on the Auburn 20. Hey, hey, said quarterback Terry Davis a few plays later as he sent Musso sweeping wide and watched as Auburn set off in mad pursuit. Then, keeping the ball, Davis stepped six yards to score. A short time later, after Alabama had driven 69 yards, Davis scored on the same play, this time from 11 yards out. Again with Musso sweeping the field clean.

The half ended 14-7, but Musso, who had carried 14 times for 59 yards, which sounds like a great plus for homemade plastic casts, wasn't all that happy with his performance. "It wasn't me," he said later. "I'd been playing too conservatively, favoring the foot."

In the second half, with Musso reeling off his patented now-you-got-me, now-you-don't runs of 18 and 12 yards, and a lot of sixes and fours that should have been ones and twos, Ala-

bama took it to Auburn and came away laughing.

The Tide got a field goal from Bill Davis, then a pair of touchdowns from Musso on runs of 12 and six yards. Both of Musso's touchdowns came after Sullivan interceptions. He finished with 167 yards on 33 carries, which isn't bad for a one-legged Elvis Presley fan from Birmingham. Then he asked Halfback Joe LaBue to tie his brown knit tie, had an Alabama state trooper turn down the collar of his shirt, finally found a missing maroon sock and set off in search of Pat Sullivan.

"Pat and I have been close friends for a long time," Musso said. "I had all kinds of things in my mind I wanted to say to console him after we won, but when we met on the field after the game I couldn't think of one of them. I'm going to see him now. I'll think of something to say."

Whatever he did say, it surely wasn't "sorry."

END

As Auburn dissolves, a gloomy Coach Shug Jordan and Pat Sullivan ponder what went wrong.



WINNER TAKES \$50,000 LOSER, \$1 MILLION

Rosewall beat Laver to win the WCT grand finale in Dallas, but second-place money made Rod the first pro-tennis millionaire **by JOE JARES**

Rod Laver and Ken Rosewall, two small Australians who wander the globe making a large living from tennis, have played each other at least 100 times. They know one another's shots so well they could conduct their matches through the mail. In fact, they wish they had done just that in 1963, when Rosewall beat rookie Laver for the U.S. pro title in New York City, then found out that the sponsor was broke.

Such a calamity is not likely to happen again, because the bulk of international professional tennis is now controlled by flamboyant Texas millionaire Lamar Hunt, boss and banker of World Championship Tennis. Hunt wears a green WCT blazer just like the rest of the help, gives himself second billing on WCT stationery, personally passes out invitations to the reporters on press row and does everything but re-string rackets for the 34 men in his troupe. WCT staged 20 tournaments in nine countries this year, sent the eight top players to Houston two weeks ago for elimination matches, then put on its grand finale last week in Dallas. And who should the contestants be but those old mates, Laver and Rosewall.

In an exciting fight that saw the last two sets decided by tie breaks, Rosewall forged his wearying 20 years of campaigning and won 6-4, 1-6, 7-6, 7-6, afterward collecting a shiny new Triumph Spitfire, assorted jewelry and \$50,000—the juiciest payoff in the history of the sport. Poor Laver had to settle for the \$20,000 consolation check, which left him with barely more than \$1 million in career prize money.

Hunt, who at 39 is only two years older than Rosewall but quite a few millions ahead of Laver, owns the Kansas City Chiefs and helped the American Football League get off the ground. He seems to be producing another good thing in tennis. In four years he has signed up most of the world's best pros

and organized a tour that promises to grow rapidly, even if the International Lawn Tennis Federation, as expected, bans his players from Forest Hills and Wimbledon. Tennis is enjoying a boom in the U.S. (30 million tennis halls were sold last year), and WCT appears quite capable of cashing in on it. For a nice start it is involved in Lakeway, a multimillion-dollar "tennis village" being built north of Austin, Texas.

The most important leap WCT has taken toward catching up with professional golf financially involved landing a good television contract. In 1972 NBC will televise eight tournament finals on Sunday afternoons. Now, admittedly, a match in Toronto, Canada or Charlotte, N.C. between Ismail El Shafei and Niki Pilić—or even Rosewall and Laver—would not make much of a dent in pro football's TV audience, so WCT and NBC have wisely decided to start their little series after the Super Bowl and wind it up in Dallas before summer, when TV ratings drop abruptly. Eight large corporations already have been lined up as sponsors.

Last Friday's match did not have live network exposure—it was taped for showing over an independent hookup that night—and Memorial Auditorium in Dallas is not, by any stretch of the imagination, Centre Court, but Hunt spared no expense to give the entire week as much of a first-class aura as he could. There was a big press conference Monday, a black-tie dinner Tuesday night with tennis buff Charlton Heston the guest speaker, a turkey dinner Wednesday night at Hunt's \$500,000 house and a champagne brunch the morning of the final. Laver and Rosewall endured all the ceremony in their affable, staccato Aussie style, maybe even enjoying it a little after innumerable one-night stands in the Peorias of the world.

The road to Dallas just this year had been tough enough, paved as it was with

Aquaturf, Uniturf, Sportface, Tariant, tile and other things Bill Tilden never dreamed of. Laver was a finalist seven times, a winner on four occasions and, after the 20 events, the WCT leader in piling up precious points. Another Aussie, John Newcombe, was the early leader but slipped to sixth when an injured knee forced him to drop off the tour for a while. Rosewall finished third, winning four events, but when the elite eight gathered for the quarter-finals in Houston he found that Las Vegas had made him only a 12-1 shot to take the top prize. "I'd like to have some of that," said Rosewall.

He was fortunate to open with Newcombe, whose knee had recovered but whose overall game was rusty from a long layoff. Rosewall beat him in four sets, then beat second-seeded Tom Okker of The Netherlands in straight sets. Laver eliminated young American Bob Lutz in straight sets, then had a more difficult time with Arthur Ashe, who eventually did himself in by repeatedly volleying into the net.

Reporters from Great Britain, France and Italy were on hand for the finals, and a recording of the Australian national anthem was ready. Charlton Heston had returned to Hollywood, but Astronaut Neil Armstrong and Miss Texas were there. Lamar Hunt Jr. was one of the ball boys. It pleased the near-capacity crowd of 8,200 (pretty good for a Friday afternoon) and the color-TV cameramen when Rosewall appeared in a blue outfit and Laver strolled out dressed in yellow.

The fast surface, green Sportface over cement, was supposed to be just right for Rocket Rod's serve-and-volley game. Rosewall would have preferred a slower surface because of his marvelous ground strokes. Laver had won eight out of their last nine meetings and was in the habit of winning all his big-money matches. He had already banked \$292,717 this year in prize money, \$194,040 more than his countryman.

But to play a serve-and-volley game one has to serve well, and Laver quite often did not. Ten times he double-faulted, he couldn't get his first serve in regularly and he was even called for a few foot faults. Rosewall, in fact, got some benefit from the Sportface because it exaggerated his spin serve. The ball would land in front of Laver, take a sharp hop to the left and send him lung-



Rosewall's wicked backhand served him well, especially in the last set that ended in a tie breaker. He got off to a 3-0 lead and won 7-6.

ing after it with his backhand, often leaving an acre of empty court for Rosewall to volley into.

Laver fans were not too concerned when he lost the opening set. Rosewall served first, broke Rod early and held serve the rest of the way to take it 6-4. When Laver raced through the second set 6-1, his followers, who were in the minority, sat back and relaxed. Rocket is usually a slow starter, but now he was properly warmed up and would soon be heading back to his California seaside home with a fatter wallet than ever.

Four years older or not, Rosewall had plenty left. In the seventh game of the third set, with Rosewall serving, Laver five times had the advantage but could not get the break point. The set went to

6-6, bringing on the tie breaker, which in WCT events is won by the first man to reach seven points, providing he leads by two. Twice before in 1971 they had been forced into tie breakers, and Laver had won both. This time Rosewall won easily 7-3.

To win the match now, Laver had to take two straight sets, with a \$30,000 difference in prize money at stake. He started the fourth set by netting three balls and double-faulting to let Rosewall break him. It seemed hopeless. Two double faults cost him his second service, and it was getting embarrassing. At this point, so far behind and with all that Lamar loot at stake, some players would become too cautious or get a case of concrete elbow. Laver chose to fire at will—

screaming backhands and cross-court cannonballs. He broke Rosewall twice, held his own serve and forced another tie breaker. It proved to be the back-breaker for him. Rosewall's slashing backhand helped the dark-haired little Aussie jump off to a 3-0 lead and he won 7-4, joyfully hurling his racket high into the lights when Rocket's last shot, a typical guns-blazing, all-out try for a winner, went wide.

"He's had a pretty good run," said Rosewall afterward, "and I think it's about time he lost."

The new champion planned to fly back to his native Sydney for Christmas, but there was no doubt he'd be back, fit enough perhaps to play Laver 100 times more.

AND



ON PAPER, DALLAS IS THE BEST

Yet they have discovered more ways to fold than a piece of origami. But now that Tom Landry has put his faith in Roger Staubach, the Cowboys might just turn out to be best on the field, too by MARK MULVOY

The Dallas Cowboys are in first place once again, and perhaps they finally will be Next Year's Champions, but the little old man in the shoeshine parlor in the Marmott Motor Hotel is skeptical. "Something weird always happens to the Cowboys," he said sagely. "You get to wonder if the Man Upstairs likes us. Why, here's what He probably will do to us this time. The Cowboys will be in the Super Bowl, the score will be tied, and they will have the ball with time for one last play. Roger Staubach will fade back. He'll wait. Then he'll spit Bob Hayes standing all alone in the end zone. And Staubach will throw a perfect pass. Touchdown? Heck, no! The ball will explode in midair, flutter to the ground—and the Cowboys will lose in sudden death."

If the Cowboys are deflated once again, it will hardly shock their fans, for they have been well schooled in the gentle art of defeat, Dallas style. While the Cowboys always seem to have the best team "on paper," as Redskin Coach George Allen claims, football, alas, is played on a field and they usually have come up with ways to fold—ones not dreamed of in origami, the gentle art of Japanese paper folding. Dallas has compiled the third best record in pro football in the last five years. "But what do we have to show for it?" asks Dan Reeves, their player-coach. "Zip!"

In those five years the Cowboys have somehow managed to lose one Super Bowl game, two NFL championship games and two conference championship games, not to mention a Runner-up Bowl. "It sure has been frustrating,"

says Bob Hayes, who has lived through all the disasters. "I've seen it all, I hope. So many bizarre happenings! Like the Ice Game at Green Bay, my first hockey game, really. Like someone going off-side or fumbling just as we were about to score a big touchdown late in the game. Like deflections turned into interceptions—the reason we lost the Super Bowl. But it must end sometime."

Must it? If there is a new way to lose, the Cowboys will find it. Perhaps it's a case of over-think. A computer assembled them, a computer instructs them and a computer even inspires them, but most of the time the Cowboys clunk around like a '51 Ford Victoria stuck in reverse. "According to the charts we should be the best," says Tex Schramm, the Dallas general manager. "Unfortunately, we always seem to live in a state of distraction. Or adversity. Something like that. Just one dilemma after another."

For Schramm and Coach Tom Landry, this has been the Cowboys' most dilemmaful year since they helped create the team back in 1960. What to do, for example, about Duane Thomas, the running back who had-mouthed the players and the management? Who to play at quarterback, Roger Staubach or Craig Morton? Pay Ralph Neely, who broke his leg in a mid-season motorcycle accident, or not pay Ralph Neely?

These and other vexing questions have plagued Schramm and Landry, and so far they have solved only one: after months of vacillation that threatened to destroy the team, Landry finally settled on Staubach as the No. 1 quarterback. With Staubach and Morton alternating

in various ways, the Cowboys had a 4-3 record. Now, with Staubach in the saddle, they have won four straight, packed up 2½ games on the Washington Redskins and moved into first place in the NFC's Eastern Division.

Their 1971 problems started in training camp when Thomas, the club's best running back as a rookie last season after replacing the injured Calvin Hill, demanded that the Cowboys renegotiate his contract. When Schramm refused, Thomas called him "sack, demented and completely dishonest" and, as an afterthought, said Landry was a "plastic man." Schramm laughed off the allegations directed at him, saying, "That's not bad—he got two out of three." A few days later he traded Thomas to the New England Patriots.

Thomas reported to the Patriot camp in Amherst, Mass., but when Coach John Mazur told him to get down in a three-point stance, Thomas demonstrated the two-point stance he preferred and told Mazur, "This was how we did it in Dallas, and this is how I'm going to do it here." Mazur showed Thomas how he would not do it here, ordering him from the field, and before long Thomas once more belonged to the Cowboys. But he refused to rejoin the team unless the Cowboys gave him a new contract.

The week after Dallas' opening game Thomas relented and became a Cowboy in good standing. In a sense he won his point or, more precisely, resented to his favored two points. Thomas has since replaced the re injured Hill in the regular backfield, but all season long he has been a loner and, according to Schramm, "exceedingly quiet." When

continued

the Cowboys travel, Thomas takes the middle seat in a three-seat row so no one will sit beside him and pulls a yellow stocking cap over his ears.

After one game Jethro Pugh, the defensive tackle, asked Thomas, "How's your knee?" Thomas, who had injured the knee that day, glared at Pugh and shot back, "Why do you want to know? Are you a doctor?" Although Thomas' behavior puzzles his teammates, they accept it and will continue to do so as long as he performs well on the field. Said Dan Reeves, who spends hours each week helping Thomas memorize the game plan, "Whether you like Duane or not, there's one thing you must admire about him. Most people in the world, and I'm not excluding myself, are wily-washy. They go with the flow. Not Duane. You know where he stands on everything."

The Thomas case, however, was not Landry's gravest concern. All winter long he had worried over the quarterback situation. On one hand he had Morton, the classicist (drop back 6½ yards, set, release within three seconds) with six years' experience. On the other he had Staubach, the unorthodox scrambler (drop back 4 yards, set, duck and run) with two years' experience. "I can't predict Roger," Landry said hopelessly. "I never know what he's going to do." What Landry meant was that Staubach would never be programmed.

In Dallas the fans generally favored Staubach—Star-Spangled Staubach, they call him. "The boy went to Navy, and he's the only player on the field who ever stands at attention when they play the national anthem," said one season-ticket holder. "Besides, how can you like Morton? He went bankrupt last year, didn't he, and he's got his own little identity crisis."

Morton, it turns out, worked with a hypnotist during the last 12 games of the 1970 season and also allowed himself to be used as a subject for a reading by a natural psychic medium.

Edward J. Pullman, a 58-year-old hypnotist, met Morton once a week and used hypnosis on game days when he talked to the quarterback by telephone. "The object," Pullman says, "was to relieve Craig of game pressures, boost his confidence, free him from further injury by conditioning him to relax on the instant of body contact, keep his

sore elbow from being a conscious hindrance and, generally, open up the full potential of his abilities." Amen.

Morton is not certain how much the hypnosis helped. "How can you measure it?" he says. "It is supposed to work on the subconscious, and that's unmeasurable. It might have helped when I got hit, but that is normally an automatic reflex. It seemed to have helped on the interceptions and losing the ball because of a fumble." Indeed, during one seven-game period Morton threw only two interceptions.

In his telephone conversations with Morton, Pullman would utter a hypnotic term—Black Salt—that he calls a "post," not to be confused with a post pattern, and then launch into the deep stuff, not to be confused with a deep pattern. "You're in a deep sleep, but you can hold the phone. You feel fine. You must remember everything I told you, all the suggestions I gave you. You must be perfectly relaxed and calm, and you have all the ability you need to work the game today. Everything I gave you must come through today, and you're going to be amazed at the results. You will experience no pain. You are going to fall but not get hurt."

After completing seven of 14 passes in a win at Kansas City, Morton called Pullman, "I'm really excited," Morton said. "None of the fluid came back on my elbow," which is kind of amazing because it usually balloons right up. And I had my knee twisted a bit, but it went right away."

Before the Super Bowl Pullman phoned Morton, who had injured his throwing arm, and outlined a 10-point program that, he said, would help him beat Baltimore. One of the points concerned interceptions. "You will hit your receivers with fantastic accuracy," Pullman said. "You will not overthrow or underthrow your receivers." They must have had a bad connection. Morton was intercepted twice in the last quarter, and Baltimore rallied to win 16-13.

In his séance with the medium, Mrs. Lois Shawgo, Morton was seen in previous lives as a German general in the 15th century and as Sean Devlin, or Sean Devers, a wealthy owner-trainer of thoroughbred racehorses around Galway Bay in the 19th century. As the general, Morton was run through with a spear and suffered a wound that both-

ered him when he sat down on a chair. The medium asked him if he ever felt a similar pain. Morton said he did.

Meanwhile, Staubach was suffering, too. He was convinced Landry intended to play Morton regularly, and he told the coach he would not settle for No. 2 again. "I'm impatient for success," Staubach says. "I told the coach I wanted to go elsewhere if I was not No. 1 in Dallas. He agreed with me. My age is against me, remember. I'm 29 now, and I want to be a starter for seven or eight years. They tell you about experience. Well, experience is confidence. And I have plenty of confidence."

For some reason Landry did not—in his own judgment, that is. And this is a man who has the final, definite, unquestioned say on every phase of the game. "They don't even inflate the footballs unless Tom's around to check the pressure," says one Dallas observer. Landry is essentially a humorless man. According to people in Dallas, he lost made a funny buck in 1964, when he told Billy Lothridge, a rookie punter who had pulled Landry's shirttail during a post-game celebration, "Son, do you think you could adjust to the cold, cold climate of Canada?"

Landry rotated and alternated Staubach and Morton during the exhibition season with about equal results. "They were the same," he said. "Neither one had an edge." So Landry said the Cowboys would have "two No. 1 quarterbacks." He announced that Staubach would start the first game, but Staubach suffered a groin injury and Morton had to play. All Morton did was complete 10 of 14 passes for 221 yards and two touchdowns in a 49-37 win over Buffalo. The next week Staubach was scheduled to start again, this time in Philadelphia. On his first pass attempt, Staubach was intercepted and, simultaneously, rucked up by Mel Tom. He had to leave the game. Tom was fined \$1,000 for his not-so-cheap shot. "They should give me the \$1,000," Staubach said.

Morton once again replaced Staubach and passed the Cowboys to an easy victory. After two games Morton was the No. 2 quarterback in the conference statistically. "Great," he said. "No. 2 in the NFC and No. 2 in Dallas." Landry started Morton against Washington, then switched to Staubach in the third quarter of a losing game. Staubach start-

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1 Hot Rum Toddy

1 tsp. honey in mug; dissolve with hot water. Add 1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White) and a lemon slice studded with four cloves. Fill mug with boiling water. Add cinnamon stick.

2 Thanksgiving Punch

Mix together in a punch bowl ½ cup (4 oz.) lemon juice, ¼ cup (2 oz.) sugar, 1 cup (8 oz.) each of cranberry juice, orange juice and strong tea. Then add 1 "fifth" bottle (25.6 oz.) of White Puerto Rican Rum and a dozen cloves. Introduce ice cubes to chill the punch. Decorate with thin lemon slices. (Serves 15.)

3 Hot Rum and Cider

In a preheated mug containing ½ oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum, add one teaspoon each of maple syrup, sugar and the juice of one lemon; fill with hot apple cider; stir; garnish with two cloves and a slice of lemon.

4 Café Puerto Rico

Pour 1½ oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum into a cup of strong, hot black coffee; add one teaspoon sugar and stir; float whipped cream on top.

5 Egg Nog

Beat 12 egg yolks until light; beat in ½ lb. sugar till mixture is thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a "fifth" of Gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 3 hrs., pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. heavy cream, stiffly whipped. Chill 1 hr., dust with nutmeg. (Serves 24.)

Quick Recipe: Use 1 qt. egg nog mix from your dairy; add 12 oz. rum. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped. Chill; add nutmeg. (Serves 12.)

6 Tom and Jerry

Beat 1 egg yolk; work in 1 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. allspice; 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White). Continue to beat until smooth and thick. Beat egg white separately and add to mixture, stirring well. Put mixture into pre-heated Tom-and-Jerry mug; fill with hot milk and dust with nutmeg.

7 Hot Buttered Rum

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in a mug with some hot water; add ½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White); a cinnamon stick; a pinch of nutmeg. Fill mug with boiling water; top with pat of butter.

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ed against New York the following week, only to have Morton replace him in the second half. Morton started the next game, against New Orleans, but Staubach relieved him in the third quarter of another loss.

Landry began to catch flak. "He's got that position so screwed up that nobody can play it," said Pete Gent, a former Cowboy. And, of course, Don Meredith, the last full-time No. 1 Dallas quarterback, had a number of words. "Landry's responsibility as a head coach is to pick a quarterback," Meredith said. "Now, after he has spent this long, he still does not have any idea which one is best. Then get another coach, I'm somewhat disappointed, but I'm sure not nearly as disappointed as Morton and Staubach, not to mention the other 38 players who are involved in this wishy-washy decision."

Said Landry: "When you know only 10', or 15', of the facts, as Meredith does, it's easy to pop off like that. Take the whole picture, and it's just not that easy."

After Staubach played most of the game in a 44-21 win over New England, Landry disclosed that he had a new plan for the next game, against Chicago. "I'm going to shuttle the quarterbacks each play," he said. (He had already been shuttling tight ends to bring in the plays.) And he did, disastrously. Although the Cowboys moved the ball, they were unable to finish off their drives and lost 23-19. There were more grumblings. Wide Receiver Lance Alworth complained that on one play he was expecting a bulletlike Staubach pass but instead got a soft Morton pass and overran the ball.

Landry brooded about the Chicago game. "How did the players like the shuttle system?" he was asked. "I didn't ask them," he snapped back. A few days later, though, Landry abandoned the two-quarterback plan. "Because of the possibility that part of the team might be concerned that we don't have an established quarterback, I've decided to go with one," he said.

What happened was that Dan Reeves kept insisting that it was imperative for the Cowboys to have one leader. "It's time for a change," he said. "Going with Craig again would not be a change. Roger is the change."

That night Landry called Staubach

and told him he was No. 1. However, he refused to explain the reasons behind his decision. Landry's problems were far from over. Enjoying an off day, 14 Cowboys went motorcycling around Lake Grapevine, north of Dallas, and Neely, the 6' 6", 265-pound offensive tackle, broken his toe on a rock. Result: a stubbed leg and a dislocated ankle, and Neely was lost for the season. "All of us have done stupid things in life," Neely says, "and I'm paying for mine right now." The other cyclists have managed to remain anonymous.

According to the standard players' contract, the Cowboys are not legally obliged to pay Neely for the rest of the season, since his injury was suffered off the field. "I'm certain we'll pay him," says Tex Schramm, "but you can bet there will be no more motorcycles around here."

When Neely was injured, Don Talbert filled in. When Talbert was injured three weeks ago, 38-year-old Forrest Gregg filled in while Landry summoned Tony Lisco from a Dallas real-estate office. Lisco had been traded from Dallas to San Diego and then to Miami, but retired rather than report to the Dolphins. In his first Cowboy practice he pulled a hamstring. In his second workout he injured his shoulder. Two days later he worked all but one offensive play against Washington. "If anyone wants me next week," he said, "I'll be in the whirlpool."

On Thanksgiving Day Lisco hauled himself out of the whirlpool and started as the Cowboys formally dedicated their lavish new Texas Stadium in suburban Irving with a 28-21 win over the Los Angeles Rams. Staubach, a doubtful starter until the pregame warmup because of a shoulder injury suffered in the Cowboys' 11-0 defeat of Washington four days earlier, and Los Angeles' Roman Gabriel matched touchdowns in most of the way, and the score was tied 21-21 at the start of the fourth quarter. Then Staubach got the Cowboys on the move. On a busted play he ran 11 yards to the Ram six for a first down, but he re injured his shoulder on the play and had to leave. Morton removed his warm-up jacket, made a few practice throws and raced onto the field to a great ovation. One by one all the Cowboys in the huddle either patted him on the back or the fanny or gave him a soul brother

slap. Two plays later Morton sent Duane Thomas wide left with a pitchout, and largely on his own, Thomas battled into the end zone for the winning touchdown.

In beating the Rams, Dallas extended its Texas Stadium record to 3 and 0. The new edifice, which is sort of a cross between the Taj Mahal and the Roman Coliseum in their heydays, is easily the best stadium in all football, with the slippery Tartan Turf and a corry message board the only negatives so far. On the board a fumble gets an "oops," a hard tackle a "CRUSH," a routine tackle a "GOTCHA" and a Cowboy touchdown a "JUST TAKE IT." The seamiest message displayed Thanksgiving Day concerned the Stadium plumbing, which still does not work: "SINK FROM OUR PLUMBER, WATER ON ICE, 4."

All 65,000 seats are covered by a partial dome, but the playing field lies open to the sun, the stars and the rain, if it happens to be raining. A 103-yard stripe of sun moves slowly and surely from one end zone to the other during the course of an afternoon.

Like everything in Texas, the stadium is an expensive place to visit. To buy a season ticket for a 57 seat, a fan also had to purchase a \$250 stadium bond for a reserved seat between the 30-yard lines, the bond costs \$1,000. "We didn't want to be altruistic and use public funds for a private business," said Schramm. "The stadium was built by the people who would use it most often." Then there are the Inner Circle suites. For a \$50,000 bond the wealthy—or the thousand-dollar millionaires, as some Texans call themselves—can get a 16x16-foot box at the stadium mid-level. The \$50,000 bond entitles a person to buy 12 seats for each game at \$10 apiece. Most of the 80 boxes sold so far have been lavishly decorated, like in Louis XIV, by one of Cowboy Owner Clint Murchison's firms. "I had my architect tell me it would cost \$6,000," one boxholder complained, "and then their architect said it would cost \$17,000."

"The whole place is weird," says Billy Traas, the Cowboys tight end. "You're down there on the field, and you know they're up there. It's like the lions and the Christians all over. We'd better keep winning. Thumbs up is better than thumbs down."

Hopefully for the Cowboys, this will finally be their thumbs-up season. **END**

Marathon swimming may not be the most painless way to gain renown but, as Diana Nyad found, it beats parachuting from the fourth floor **by DAN LEVIN**

What is in a name? A parental whim and, world, say hello to little Grace. But what if Grace grows up clumsy? Does Brooks Robinson sound like a third baseman or a haberdasher? Maybe Hollywood has the right idea. Roy Fitzgerald looks like Rock Hudson, and Judy

Garland transported us Over the Rainbow, not Frances Gumm. What, for example, would they call a pretty distance swimmer, 22, with honey-colored skin and budi like a Greek goddess? Diana? Diana what, though? Synchronized swimming teams have borne the name

SHE TAKES A LONG SWIM OFF A SHORT PIER



Naiads. It has a nice ring, but what does it mean? Webster says a naiad is one "of the nymphs in classical mythology, living in and giving life to lakes, rivers, springs and fountains." Tough to spell, though. Nyad is easier. Yes, Diana Nyad. Not bad for the best woman distance swimmer in the world.

Two summers ago, while a counselor at Ontario's Camp Ak-O-Mak, Diana Nyad's specialty was tennis. Not so apt. But there was nothing wrong with her swimming; at 16, in fact, she had finished 12th in the 100-yard backstroke at the indoor nationals. She had never raced in open water, though, or farther than 1,500 meters, and as of July 25, 1970 she had never seen a marathon swim. Talk about breaking in overnight: on the morning of July 26, on a Lake Ontario beach at Hamilton, she stood in the midst of the world's best marathoners, 17 men and three other women. The Labatt's International Ten-Mile Marathon Swim was about to begin, and Diana Nyad was entered. "Just to see what would happen," she recalls. "The gun went off and we were still on the beach. We had to run down and dive in. I don't know why. It wasn't a track event, but I had to battle my way to the water. I wanted to swim, not wrestle." Which showed how little she knew about marathon swimming.

She learned fast. Two Egyptians swam annoyingly close, taking advantage of her wake. One was Abdul Latif Abou-Heif, The Crocodile of the Nile, and he and his countryman tagged along for a few miles before she shook them. Diana eventually came in 10th and set a woman's world record for 10 miles—4:23:00. She also won \$400 as the first woman finisher. Back at Ak-O-Mak the campers raided the player piano to letter its 90-foot scroll with TODAY HAMILTON, TOMORROW THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, but tomorrow was Aug. 29, only 570 miles away at Chicoutimi, Quebec.

It is important to understand a basic fact of marathon swimming: it is somewhat more taxing than, say, croquet, or marathon running, or staying up all night with the baby. At Hamilton the course is a buoyed half-mile; 20 quick laps, a little moaning on the beach, an hour or so in the hospital and a day or two later you are as good as new. Chicoutimi, though . . . aaaaagh! That is the sound

the winners make. The losers. . . . On second thought, even the winners at Chicoutimi are losers. (Which, in a perverse way, if suffering is a virtue, as it often seems to be with marathon swimmers, also makes the losers winners.) About 28 miles all told, the course begins at Chicoutimi, heads down the Saguenay River for 18 miles, then parallels two or three miles of tidal, rocky shore that each year leaves a few swimmers looking as if they had been keel-hauled. It is either that or the rips, a meeting of currents off the rocks that at certain tides looks like one of those miniature hains they put toy ships in when they want to film a real storm at sea.

Those who make it by either the rocks or the rips enter a big bay—which, for no reason that leaps to mind, is called Ha! Ha! Bay—with more unpredictable tides. Seven miles up the bay is Bagotville—the finish. In 1969 the 22 best marathoners in the world started the race. None finished. Chicoutimi did not seem the right place for a pretty young girl who had never swum more than 10 miles. Diana Nyad would need a good boat, and plenty of Coke, hot chocolate and aspirin.

It didn't work out that way. In fact, nearly all the boats got lost in a storm the night before the race, including the one assigned to Diana. Replacements were reportedly on the way, but they would not arrive until hours after the start, and on the pier a friend was comforting Diana, when suddenly she was swimming. "The gun went off," she said later, "and I wasn't going to just stand there."

A few miles out she nearly swam ashore. There was no boat to guide her, and she had this thing about goggles; she wouldn't wear them, despite a popular theory that it is always good for a swimmer to know where she is going. (Her trainer, Buck Dawson, says: "I've never known Diana Nyad to buck down, to admit she was wrong about anything, even when she was.") Four and a quarter hours into the race, 14 miles downriver, Dawson caught up in a boat. It had been a long time to go without nourishment. "You're in second place," he yelled, and handed out hot chocolate and aspirin. Argentina's Horacio Iglesias, the world's best marathoner, was in first; Diana was two miles ahead of the third-place swimmer.

She and Dawson chose to avoid the rocks and enter the rips. It was a mistake. Six miles from the finish she swam for an hour on a tidal treadmill, getting nowhere. The tide would not change for hours, and if she started resting—treading water—she would have been swept toward the Atlantic Ocean. Other swimmers began catching up, saw her plight, took the rocky route and rode a current that swept them safely into the bay. After nine hours Diana had to be hauled, protesting, into her boat. Iglesias had not done much better. At 27 miles he too had been dragged from the water and rushed to a hospital, unconscious. He was fed intravenously for three hours. For the second straight year, there had been 22 starters. This time three of them finished.

Many times since that summer, Diana Nyad has said this: "I haven't come close to my potential in marathon swimming yet, but I'd trade all of what I'm going to be for an Olympic gold medal. I just wasn't fast enough, though." It seems a strange admission, but it is honest, devoid of regret. Certainly she had given all there was to give and more: the best days of some very good years; dates, parties, proms, all forsaken for a dream that would never come true; training from 5:30 to 7:30 every morning, 3:00 to 5:00 every afternoon, and sometimes a few more hours after dark. For four straight years she was captain of Fort Lauderdale's Pine Crest School swimming team. "It was eat, sleep and swim then," she recalls, and even now, after 14 years in the business, Jack Nelson, her Pine Crest coach, stands in awe of her. "Here was a beautiful girl, pursued by every boy who thought he had a chance, but if it interfered with practice—forget it. She worked harder than anyone I've ever had. Getting ready for the nationals I'd catch her retching in the gutter and I'd figure that's it for today, but she'd be right back for more."

In 1958 Nelson was an All-America swimmer at the University of Miami. If ever a man was born to a sport he was, but the sport was football. He had been a semipro fullback at 5' 4" and 178 pounds, but somehow he turned to swimming; that drew a lot of laughs, even at the 1956 Olympics. "The wrestling dorms are over there," they told him,

continued

but he finished fourth in the 200-meter butterfly, and a year later won the national 220-yard, short-course championship in the same stroke. He knew a thing or two about mind over matter and dedication, and Diana Nyad met him at an impressionable time. She was a seventh-grader, 12 years old, a crucial age for most young girls, but especially for this one, horn Diana Sneed. "Mr. Sneed," she calls her father, a man she never knew. Her parents were divorced when she was three, and soon afterward her mother married a wealthy Greek land developer named Aristotle Zaron Nyad, but that marriage ended, too, about the time Jack Nelson came along.

"Coach Nelson became sort of a father figure to me," Diana says. "I respected him more than anyone I've ever known." "If you put your guts into something," he used to tell her, "you'll get it." And how she tried. In ninth grade, at a Florida senior regional championship, she finished second in the 200-meter backstroke, two-tenths of a second behind the winner. Even now it is the race she is most proud of. "It was a gut swim," she says. In the next three years she won the 100-yard backstroke at six state meets, but she never surpassed her 12th-place finish in the nationals.

That spring she swam at a meet in Palm Beach, stayed up late and caught a cold. Next morning, though, there she was at the pool. "I felt guilty if I laid off a day," she says. After practice she began running a fever. It went away and she kept working out, but later that week she got chest pains. She began swimming in the outside lanes so she could hold onto the gutter when the pain intensified. She was getting ready for next year's nationals, so she did not tell anyone about the pain. Finally, Nelson caught her doubled up, clutching the gutter, and he took her out. She was given an EKG, and the diagnosis was endocarditis, a virus infection of the heart. "I'm only 16," she sobbed. "How can I have heart disease?" But that is what it was, and the prescription was a summer of bed rest, with no visitors.

By fall her heart looked normal. It was her senior year at Pine Crest, and the doctor said she could swim a little—three short workouts a week. Ha! She was out every day, but slower now, much slower. She was not going to get to Mexico City, and, though Nelson cheered her on, privately he grieved. "It's not

her fault she wasn't the best amateur swimmer in the world," he says. "She'd swim till she couldn't lift her arms from the water."

He would tell his friends: "Diana Nyad is going to be great at something. She already is as a human being." Clearly this was no ordinary coach-athlete relationship. For the young girl, Nelson was what Sociologist George Herbert Mead has termed "a significant other," probably the most significant. The mutual admiration surfaced in many and curious ways, most of the latter from Diana. Once she led the Pine Crest swimming team in an all-night assault on Nelson's 12' x 14' office. When he arrived the next morning the office was stuffed so full of wadded newspaper, wall to wall and ceiling to floor, that he couldn't open the door.

Another time, to celebrate the start of the Pine Crest swimming season, she did a little unannounced housecleaning. This time Nelson's door opened easily, but everything was gone—books, desk, pictures on the wall, shelves, wastebasket. Nelson could understand this; his coaching friends had always considered him the clown of their profession, and once, he admits, he was kind of a wild guy. He and his wife Margie are happily married, with three little girls now, but he had to "grow into marriage," he says. For a spell he was a frequent guest at the Nyads' Fort Lauderdale home. That seems hard to visualize: the slightly eccentric, high-strung, not-too-domestic Nelson in the immaculate home of Diana's mother Lucy—a tall, gracious, almost stately woman, with a sort of vaguely society manner. There were no problems though. Mrs. Nyad approved of Nelson's influence on her daughter, he could find no fault with the woman who had raised her.

Diana Nyad graduated from Pine Crest in June of 1967, a cryptic "Great Marks Are Soonest Hit" beside her yearbook picture, and went off to Emory University in Atlanta. Emory has been called the Harvard of the South. Diana enrolled as a premed student; she wanted to be a surgeon. She also wanted to keep on swimming. She worked out daily at a nearby YMCA, but studies had to come first. Her freshman courses were physics, chemistry and math, and her first-semester grades were high enough to qualify her to view surgery at the uni-

versity hospital. Diana seemed well prepared for Emory. Unfortunately, Emory was not well prepared for her.

Sometimes, after an evening of study, she would put on her green sweat suit and go out for a few laps around the track. At 1 a.m. That did not set well with some people. And in the mornings she had early labs, right after her YMCA workouts, which meant she arrived with wet hair, in winter—Diana and 100 men. A woman dean told her that the only reason anyone would do that was to attract attention. Other people began to have similar ideas, some of them understandable.

The big stunt at Emory in those years was to paint the stone lion in front of the SAE house. Painters caught in the act were supposedly scalped, that was a challenge Diana Nyad could not pass up. Twice she led a group of friends on late-night raids to SAE, where they spent hours stacking thousands of toothpicks deep into the lawn, close together, like nails in a fakir's bed. Then they would yell, "Lion painters!" and out would rush the brothers in their pajamas. Barefoot. Still, that seemed pretty tame the second time around. During her sophomore year, she and some friends put up posters all over campus, announcing a parachute jump in the courtyard between the women's dorms. Diana went to an Army-Navy store, bought a parachute, boots and a jump suit. There were sliding glass windows in Diana's dorm, and she went up to the fourth floor at the announced hour and took out the screens. Quite a few people had gathered below.

She recalls the moment: "The parachute wasn't even folded right, and anyway it was obvious it wouldn't open in any four stories. People all around were looking out the windows, and many of the deans were there, including the ones who'd thought me kind of bizarre before. My friends were fluffing up the parachute to get air pockets in it, and I was scared to death, but I jumped.

"Surprisingly, I only bruised my heel bones. Nothing happened right away, but in a few days I got a note asking me to see the dean of women. She asked me if I wanted to kill myself, though not as bluntly as that. Evidently she thought it was very serious."

Then one morning, during a break in an all-night study session, Diana and a friend were playing hangman, a spelling

crossword



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game that involves drawing little pictures of hanged men. They were drawing with felt-tip pens on a Formica table, assuming the ink would wash off. It didn't. Another call to the dean's office. Diana apologized and offered to pay for the table. The dean said that wasn't the point. She thought it very strange, she said, for a young lady to be drawing hanged men at 3 a.m., especially a young lady who had previously parachuted from a fourth-floor window.

"I wanted to laugh when I heard her say it," Diana says. "It was like in a bad dream, when everyone thinks you're crazy. Either they talk you into it or you can't talk them out of it. 'My God,' I yelled at her, 'haven't you ever played the hangman game?' She put her hands on the desk, stood up and lurched back. I think she was scared I was going to attack her." Soon afterward Diana Nyad was asked to leave Emory. She had not been appreciated in quite a while; and it had not helped that her grades had fallen off badly.

"It was kind of scary being kicked out of college," she says. "I wasn't ready for a life of work yet." Hurt and misunderstood, needing a change of scene and time to think, she set off across the country. In Texas she met a friend and rode the back of his motorcycle to San Francisco where she visited other friends; but most of her time was spent reading and filling notebooks with introspective jottings. Finally, she returned to Fort Lauderdale, got a job as a lifeguard at a country-club pool and began swimming again. And she completed another notebook. The writing was therapeutic, she discovered. "I wasn't confused, but they'd had such warped impressions of me at Emory that I'd begun to wonder if maybe there really wasn't something wrong with me."

In the spring she applied to other colleges—Yale, Michigan, Stanford—but with the transcript from Emory they also got letters from the dean of women and the dean of men. The rejections came soon afterward and, disgusted, Diana went to Europe for 6½ weeks. Back home again, she made \$300 for two weeks as a waitress at Howard Johnson's. "I got big tips," she says guilelessly, "because I gave people free desserts." Then, in December, a friend spoke highly of Lake Forest (Ill.) College. He suggested Diana apply, and on Jan. 1, 1970 she did so, over the phone. She read a copy of

the letter Emory would send, but two days later she was accepted.

The director of financial aid at Lake Forest was Gordon White, and both he and the school's swimming coach, Karl (Dutch) Sutter, had heard about Diana from Jack Nelson. White had visited Pine Crest earlier that winter, and Sutter had met Nelson at swimming meets. "We thought she deserved the chance," White says. She proved their faith; in the next five semesters she amassed four straight A averages and one of A-. Two hours every day she played tennis, making the Lake Forest varsity; two nights each week she rode an hour on the train to drama classes at Chicago's Goodman Theater. She joined the Lake Forest Gaurick Players, switching her sights from medicine to the stage, her major from premed to English and French.

"I was very excited about physics and chemistry," she says, "but I was really just using my memory. I wasn't getting the kind of release I'd gotten from theater work, or even from playing the piano and trumpet in high school." And, of course, she swam between tennis and acting lessons and a very heavy class schedule. At the Illinois State University Women's Intercollegiate Swimming and Diving Championships, she placed in the individual medley, backstroke and butterfly, but she had not been swimming much and did not regain her pre-endocarditis speed. "She stood out as a person with tremendous mental toughness and more desire than anyone I'd ever coached," Sutter says, "but judging from her workouts she seemed more promising as a distance swimmer than a sprinter."

That summer Diana went off to Ak-O-Mak. She quickly became the camp heroine, at least to the campers, but by the sixth week her co-counselor was ready to lead a revolt. "Of course they loved her," another counselor recalls, "but in only seven weeks we have no time to be a Summerhill."

"I'm good at self-discipline," Diana explains, "but not at disciplining others. I didn't see why 14-year-olds had to make their beds each morning and have their fingernails checked, or to eat breakfast at eight and be in bed by nine."

That winter Diana received a diplomatic letter from Buck Dawson, who runs Ak-O-Mak with his wife Rose Mary. Ak-O-Mak needs you, Diana, he wrote. You are a wonderful person, and

essential to the camp. . . . Her campers certainly agreed—all of them came back last summer—but they did not have Diana as a counselor. She had private quarters, in the Dawsons' cabin.

"It takes more rest for marathon swimming than you were getting," Buck had written, and also, though he did not know it, more rest than she had been getting that winter. During the winter and spring semesters, she averaged three hours and 45 minutes of sleep a night. Once a week she stayed up all night to write a paper on 19th century French literature. Of course, she got an A. Drama lessons came after studies in importance; tennis was third, swimming fourth (she was a professional now, and couldn't compete anyway); and social life fifth.

Canada's 1971 marathon season was about to begin. Chicoutimi was the first race, with an unusually large field of 30 entered, and Diana was out of shape. So out of shape, in fact, that at 20 miles, Buck wrote this on his signboard: YOU'RE IN SECOND. Diana shook her head. "I knew I wasn't near Iglesias, and I didn't think I could be with Joan Schans [the 1970 world champion]. I saw a pack of guys off to my left, all stronger sprinters than me, so I decided to pour it on and not conserve my energy for the end. Soon I was about a mile ahead and I looked up at Buck during a breath and said, 'Schans: He wrote: SCHANS OUT. LEG CRAMPS. So to be optimistic I said, 'Horacio,' and Buck pointed ahead and held up a fresh sign: 300 YARDS AHEAD! Oh, my God, I saw him. We came to the rocks. Horacio went by them wide, I went close, and—oh, it was beautiful—I caught a tidal eddy and went about 500 yards in what seemed like 10 seconds."

At that point, 22 miles into the third marathon of her life, Diana Nyad was No. 1 in the world, men and women, but everyone watches the first swimmer.

"I saw Horacio's trainer pointing to me, and Horacio swam over and went right by me. I said to myself, 'I'm not going to sprint here.' About a mile after the rocks, I was still in second. Then I looked around and there were bathing caps everywhere. 'Oh, God,' I thought, 'sex males to go,' and my lack of conditioning started to hit me."

Half a mile from the finish at Chicoutimi the swimmers pass between two breakwaters into a harbor full of boats,

continued

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where a crowd of 20,000 is packed into stands on the shore. The swimmers are expected to sprint down this stretch. "You've swum 27½ miles," Diana groans, "and they want you to sprint half a mile. It's inhuman." She was fifth when the sprint began, she wound up seventh, in eight hours and 46 minutes. There were 10 finishes.

Eight hours and 46 minutes is fast for a woman at Chicoutimi, but by any standards it is a long time to swim. For normal people it is a long time to do anything, even sleep, which is one reason, along with the rocks and the rips, why Chicoutimi touts its race as the world's toughest. Among those who disagree is a group that does not believe in any sleep at all for swimmers—the promoters of Diana Nyad's next race, which came a week later at La Tuque, Quebec. There are no rocks or rips at La Tuque, but, unlike Chicoutimi, there is no rest for the weary after nine hours or 16 or 20.

The La Tuque race begins at 3 p.m. Saturday, continues through the night nonstop and ends at 3 p.m. Sunday. What do they call someone who swims in his sleep? The race they call *Le Marathon de 24 Heures de La Tuque*, a team affair—16 of them (his time—if two can be called a team). The course is a three-eighths-mile oval in Lake St. Louis, and behind a fence from start to finish are 35,000 screaming French Canadians, more than twice the population of La Tuque.

This year most of the partners alternated three-lap sprints, resting in between for half an hour or so—but not sleeping—in little, heated tents. (The air temperature at night dropped to 42°.) But Diana had a different plan—one lap and rest, despite it being less fatiguing to keep swimming for at least two or three laps than to stop and start again. ("You've got nothing to worry about," a big-bellied male swimmer assured her, "the hospital is right nearby.") Diana's partner was Gaston Paré, and his rest periods turned out to be seven minutes and 21 seconds long, which was Diana's lap average, and a new woman's record for La Tuque. In the 24 hours, they swam 54 miles.

The loudest cheers at the race's end were for Diana, who spoke to everyone in French, and for Gaston Paré, from nearby Shawinigan. Picked for seventh they had finished third, behind Schans and Iglesias and Abou-Heif and Marawan Saleh. Diana still was not wear-

ing goggles, and she finished with a hemorrhaging eye, though she didn't know it. For half an hour she lay unconscious in the nearby hospital, awakening with a meal of glucose entering her arm.

That evening the race committee presented her with a bouquet of 22 chrysanthemums—her 22nd birthday was a month off—and two roses, signifying the 24 hours. And Abou-Heif, The Crocodile of the Nile, told the press: "Diana has the stuff of a champion." Says Buck Dawson, "She's almost like Joan of Arc in that town now." Says Diana, "It was the first time I really got respect from my fellow swimmers."

"Diana has a great deal of pride," Jack Nelson says. "She respects herself and expects it from others." He shows a letter he received from her following the La Tuque swim: "I've been in four marathon swims now, and after each one I've heard the winner say he'd never do it again. I said the same thing, and now, four days later, I'm planning to enter another very soon. These swims have a deep-felt effect on me. I need to share them with someone who is capable of understanding."

It is possible that Jack Nelson comes as close to understanding as anyone. Logically, Diana Nyad's soul mates should be other marathon swimmers, but few of them approach her in intelligence or share her interests apart from their mad sport. Besides, she sees them briefly, and the male swimmers who feel badly about saying goodbye cannot help but sense that there is no room for a man in her life right now, what with marathon swimming, school, the stage, tennis . . . and 3½ hours of sleep a night. The mind all but implodes. So what Jack Nelson can offer, and to a lesser extent Buck Dawson, is freedom from demands, a measure of empathy and the security and comfort of being known and appreciated, well and long.

Perhaps that is all Diana Nyad needs at the moment. Why do you swim? she is asked. For the glory and the money, she replies, and then "To be someone." Well, maybe. Recently she wrote a friend: "Sometimes I feel so desperately afraid that my life will be over before I've had the chance to find out my potentials and my limitations, before I've had the chance to come to terms with myself, at best somewhat better than I have in the past." She says it well. **END**

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From the top the slopes fall away far 10 miles or more of unbroken snow and there is every chance that man has never set boot or ski on any of it. This is a new ski world, so vast that it could swallow Switzerland and half of winter Europe. Starting from the suitably gigantic hotel at Banff, the snowfields of British Columbia alone run 400 miles wide and 1,000 miles deep and, subtracting a Mont Blanc or two, the Alps would come only waist high on most of the Canadian peaks. Here a man can jump into a different skiing dimension, as do expert Jim McConkey at right and the other adventurers on the pages that follow, carving pioneer turns all the way down.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

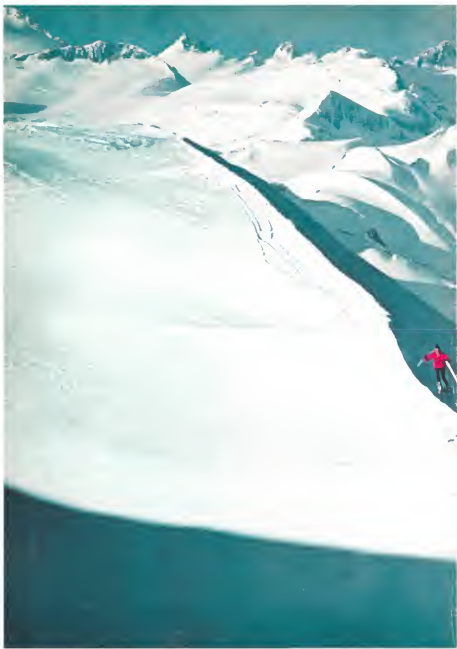


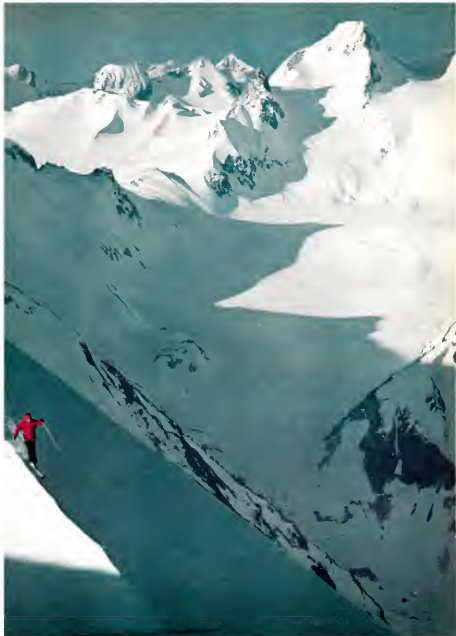
Skiing Canada's Big Back Country

Dropped by helicopter, experts Rip McManus, Terje Overland and Rod Hebron rally for a run into Cariboo powder, led by Hermann Frank

Sliding the timberline at 10,000' Jack Culla heads into a Cariboo valley. On the next page, McConkey and Mike Stein knife along a Whistler ridge.













Just the Bugaboos, the Cariboods—and You

A back-country skier is brave, reverent, loyal, sturdy, agile, adventuresome—and definitely a bit daring. It also helps if he is an expert: one does not snowplow through deep powder. As Canada's Nancy Greene, 1968 Olympic gold and silver medalist, puts it, "This country is the greatest if you are strong and don't worry about how you look. It is not for pretty skiers."

Exactly. The western Canadian wilderness is almost the last of the big-time ski horizons, a land of rugged peaks and glaciers, endless slopes and a smothering abundance of the deepest dry snow. The region is five times the size of Europe's Alps, wide as the span from Washington to Montana, running almost to Alaska in depth and embracing both the Coastal Mountains and the Canadian Rockies. The back country is practically all of British Columbia, plus a border strip of Alberta; it could swallow up—not bothering to subtract snowbunnies—every skier in the world.

One jumps into Canada through a series of resorts that half-circle the southern rim of the back country—from Whistler Mountain near Vancouver to Banff near Calgary and up the Continental Divide to Valemount near Jasper. Some are old, established spots, like Rossland and Banff, with comfortable hotels, chair lifts, even a beginner's slope or two. But just a few miles inland the ski land is unnamed. Here are the peaks and glaciers, ridges, chutes, cornices and bowls full of powder that have never been skied—not just on a given day, not merely since it snowed last, but not ever.

Canada's wilderness skiing came on with the age of the helicopter; the era

was born in 1955 when a young Austrian mountain guide named Hans Gmoser started "Canadian Mountain Holidays." By 1965 Gmoser was whirling skiers into the untracked Bugaboo Mountains in the Purcell Range (51, March 30, 1970). Since then, the Bugaboo slopes have become so famous that skiers arrive from around the world to be airlifted to the more than 100 runs Gmoser has spotted. The season goes from Dec. 26 to May 20 by the week and prices for an all-inclusive, seven-day package with transportation to and from Calgary range from \$500 to \$585.

And now Gmoser has discovered newer and even bigger back country: about 180 miles to the north, near Jasper and Mt. Robson, the highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies, he has come upon the Cariboods, a virgin territory where more than 600 inches of powder snow fall each season. With jet-assisted copters, he can drop his nine-man groups of skiers anywhere within a 600-square-mile area of fresh terrain. Gmoser guarantees at least 100,000 vertical feet of downhill runs in one week, for those who are up to it, and offers everything from the glaciers of 11,750-foot Mt. Sir Wilfred Laurier to the slightly more gentle powdery valleys at 4,000 feet.

The gateway to the Cariboods lies from Calgary to Banff and along the picturesque Icefield Highway, which Canada insists is now kept open all winter (that is, providing one drives it in the daytime only). Skiers are lodged at the Sarak Motel in Valemount, east of Jasper, and a seven-day Cariboo ski package during the Feb. 19-through-April 22 season is set at \$700.

Not quite as fearful as the Cariboods or Bugaboos but just as appealing in its way is a new area in the 9,500-foot Monashee Mountains that claims—with certain evident justification—to have better powder than anywhere in the world, Utah's famous Alta included. This is not just plain powder, as skiers say; more than 700 inches of fluffy snow fall there each season, and during every run one is submerged in the stuff—so much snow, in fact, that there are very few trees

around, even in the valleys. For pioneers who want to be among the first to sample this experience, two sessions of copter skiing are set for this season, one Feb. 12 through 19 and a second "exploration" trip from May 13 through 20. Skiers will stay at MacGregor Motel in Revelstoke on Highway 1, east of Banff, and the seven-day all-inclusive price is \$700.

Even with all this stress on the super, western Canadian skiing also has its touches of glamour and comfort. One of the country's more charming attractions is the famous old Banff Springs Hotel on the edge of skiing's outlands. The 600-room palace, all turrets and Scottish influence, offers views of the Bow River and the pine forests of the Rockies stretching on to infinity.

Banff itself is the center of a skiing cluster; about 35 miles northwest is Lake Louise with its Temple-Whitethorn double mountain. Three miles east of Banff is Mt. Norquay, which Canadians coolly call their "challenge mountain," and 10 miles southwest, nestled in a high bowl, is Sunshine Valley.

But the jewel of the big back country is Whistler Mountain, rising on the edge of purest wilderness 70 miles north of Vancouver. Natives claim it has something for everybody: three chair lifts, a gondola, five lodges and inns, deep powder bowls at the top and trails snaking through forests farther down. And out beyond, for \$50 a day for three glaciers or \$7.50 a copter ride (to the Whistler peak), one may ski the open land. So far, 30 back-country glaciers have been skied for the first time and—from the air—the eager Canadians have located 100 more still untraveled.

Since the back country is so big, tending to dwarf skiers, Canadians have developed a new "high visibility" parka, usually in reflective reds and often down-filled against cold. Several of the skiers on the preceding pages are wearing the new gear, produced by Pioneer Brand of Vancouver and Davis S. Reid Ltd. of Toronto, priced from \$50 to \$125.

—ANITA VERNICHOV

Swinging down the vast snowfield of Fitzsimons Glacier near Whistler, three ski explorers run into a problem: what do we do—go up, or down?

ONE LAST IMPOSSIBLE SHOT AT FAME



Having failed to make his mark in the traditional manner, the author perfected a skill so incredible that even now no one believes in him by **HOMER GROENING**

Nowadays, as Marshall McLuhan has it, kids get the message from radio and television. When I was in high school, 20 years before TV, I suppose I got messages from radio, but the one I really remember came from two basketball players who had come north from California to star on the college team in my home town.

The message was delivered one afternoon when my brother and I were shooting baskets in the Albany College gym along with the two bullplayers. Their names were Stultz and Bradley, and they didn't kick us out of the gym because our father was a professor.

"Don't need to look at the basket," said Stultz, a 6'3" pivot—a big man in the '30s, "Shoot from a spot." And he canned a 10-foot hook, his head turned in the other direction.

"You mean you really don't look?" I asked.

"You know where you are," said Stultz. "You know where the basket has to be."

"Me, too," said Bradley, who howitzered tremendous two-handed set shots from way out. "I always close my eyes when I shoot, but then I open them because I like to watch the ball drop through."

I believed every word they said.

Then Stultz came up with the message. "You practice an impossible shot 20, 30 years," he said. "you could hit with your eyes closed and never miss." That was the moment that my 30-Year Impossible Shot Plan was under way.

Stultz was a white Meadowlark Lemon, and Bradley flipped the ball into the hoop with the consistency of Hal

Greer, except that he used the old two-handed set, and from five to 10 feet farther out than Greer shoots his jumper. This was long before the days of the NBA, but if there had been one, Stultz and Bradley would have been in it. They had played industrial basketball for a while and afterward found themselves in Oregon at Albany College on basketball scholarships. They lived in the gym, shot baskets all afternoon and seldom went to class. But when they showed up to play, everyone in the Willamette Valley came to watch.

Even Slats Gill, who was coach at Oregon State in those days and for years after that, attended the games. He sat in front of my dad and mother, my brother Vic and me when Albany played College of Puget Sound. On the opening tip-off, Stultz tapped the ball to Bradley, who turned to the basket and fired a 45-footer right through the hoop. This was in the days of the center jump after every basket, and Stultz and Bradley toyed with every team they played that season. A rumor went around town that



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT WILDE

alize that a kid of 14 usually isn't good at anything. I thought normal red-blooded American boys had to dive off bridges, apply artificial resuscitation and win games. But I never seemed to succeed.

I tried breath holding, underwater swimming, even first aid. For instance, for three months I carried adhesive tape. I hoped for a bloody, but not too bloody, accident, preferably involving Elizabeth Something, a long-haired blonde with big eyes she never opened all the way. Finally the accident happened during a high school picnic that ended at a roller-skating rink.

It wasn't Siloe Eyes: it was a pretty red-haired sophomore who flew off her feet into the boards and grazed her knuckles. I admit it. I clipped her. She landed on top of me. There I was with an injured damsel at hand and my first-aid can in my hip pocket.

Well, it didn't come off. I had the can open, the gauze unraveled and the iodine stopper in my teeth. "What's that?" asked Barbara.

"Iodine," I said, teeth together like Kirk Douglas.

"What?"

I took the stopper out of my mouth.

"Iodine," I said.

"I'm very sorry," said Barbara softly, "but I'm a Christian Scientist." I stopped carrying the converted beef-bologna case after that.

One more story, so you'll understand that the odds were against me when I finally got into basketball. The baseball coach in my high school thought I should be able to play since my brother Vic was a shortstop; he had the best arm in our town. He threw a rock across the Willamette River at Bryant Park one summer when the water was very low. No one else could get more than a splash halfway across.

The coach assumed that I could throw, too. He put me at second base, and it

didn't take him long to find out. The only double plays we ever made were third to short to first. I threw like Aimee Semple McPherson, an arm-waving evangelist of that day. I had a glass arm. A *long* glass arm. It shattered the first day of baseball practice. It was raining, my arm was cold and I threw as hard as I could. It burned right down the middle of the bone whenever I picked up a bat or even waved goodbye; when I threw, it was like plugging in a toaster with your fingers in the socket.

The final game in the spring of 1935 for the local championship was between Albany and Lebanon at the strawberry festival. Loggers came out of the hills to Lebanon by the tens, mostly to get a free piece of the **BIGGEST STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE IN THE WORLD**, as the banner across Main Street read. Albany was the big city team, because we were the county seat, we had 450 in the high school. Lebanon had two hardware stores, so it wasn't all that small, but the loggers in the stands adopted Lebanon because it was closer to the hills and their camps.

And there I was, disguised as a second baseman. My batting average wasn't what kept me on the team. I didn't have more than six official at bats all season. My sole reason for being in uniform was the old get-on-base stomach-cramp crouch; it gave me a strike zone about the size of an envelope. The pitchers we were up against couldn't hit it three out of seven times, so I'd walk.

"Make him stand up!" the fallers yelled.

"Ball one," said the umpire. "Straighthen up, kid."

"Hit 'im in the head!" shouted the whistle punks.

"Ball two," said the umpire. "I told you to stand up."

"Chicken!" screamed the backers.

"Ball three," said the ump. "I'm warn-

ron/wilde

Gill was going to get them to transfer to Oregon State, but he never did. I don't know if he ever tried. They played for Albany in the Pacific Northwest conference that year, and then they disappeared.

Because Stultz used to look at the floor when he shot and because Bradley said that anyone could learn to do it, I have looked away and shot for more than 30 years. And in only the Impossible Shot has there been any improvement over the years. I still dribble as if I'm pushing away a beagle, and on my jump shot I never get off the floor. I take that back—I have shown improvement in two areas. I have spotted some of the greats before they got there. I predicted that Elgin Baylor would be a superstar when he and R. C. Owens were playing for College of Idaho. And as soon as I saw the UCLA freshmen play in 1966, I made three bets totaling \$35 that the UCLA variety would not lose a game the next season, and, of course, they won and I won.

But back in school I wasn't good at basketball or anything else. I didn't re-

ing you. You don't stand up, I'll call a strike."

"Big city sissy!"

The next pitch hit the dirt, bounced over the catcher and the umpire and into the stands, so I straightened up and trotted to first. But in the third inning the nightmare had its premiere. There were four balls hit to me at second base. I've never forgotten them in all the years that I have tried. Each was an easy bouncer with a big handle. I stopped them. That was the easy part. But my throws

thing unearthly was happening at second. I shouldered the ball very quickly, trying, in a way, to sneak it in. But I bounced this one over first, and there were obscene noises. Even now, I sometimes still hear them at night, and it makes me hunch my shoulders and try to duck.

The fourth error was a monument of some kind, like Arnold Palmer's 12 at the Rancho golf course in Los Angeles. I was enveloped in a confusion some baseball players and many Arabs know.



to first were a little high. Maybe a little more than a little high. They went over the first baseman's head.

It really wasn't as simple as that. If it had been, I don't think those nightmares would have lasted so long. The first ball I shotputted. It got away and sailed out among the cows in the pasture next to the strawberry festival fairgrounds. My arm was throbbing.

The second batter hit another slow bouncer right to me, and I scooped it up and overhauled first, about 12 feet over. My arm felt as if the toast were burning.

The third time the crowd quieted down, as if they were aware that some-

I prayed that the ball be hit to anyone except me. When it did come, it came to my left. There was nothing to do except wait. I couldn't fake a stumble and let the rightfielder handle it. I moved halfway to first base and took the ball on the second bounce. There was plenty of time. The runner was slow. And then I did it again, but this time with an almost Biblical grandeur. I had the feeling that a dramatic act would set everything right, and then everyone would forget what had happened before. So I tiptoed daintily toward first, like a bullfighter getting ready to set the banderillas, stopped about 10 feet from the bag and lobbed the ball to Bud Rob-

ertson on first. A slow, high, easy arc. It went three feet over his head.

All through high school and partway through World War II, about once a week, I had this nightmare, and it went as I have described it. Sometimes even now I can hear the cackles of the loggers. Judging by their hysteria, it was the highest moment of the summer of 1935 for most of them.

So I decided to forget baseball. I remembered the Stultz and Bradley message and would work on *The Shot*. Mine went like this. I stood directly under the hoop, facing the opposite basket. Then I dribbled one step toward the foul line, away from the basket. Without looking back, I lifted the ball, arm straight, eyes on the center circle. From three feet out, I grooved the motion so the ball came off the backboard and fell through the hoop. By moving out one more step, the same motion put the ball through without hitting the backboard. When I made 10 in a row, I moved out another step.

Seven years later, I was shooting from the bottom of the key. Here I settled for eight out of 10, which was a better average than I had shooting free throws. By 1950 I had moved to the foul line, still sighting at the opposite basket and flipping them up without looking. Two years ago I had edged out a couple of feet beyond the top of the key.

Here in Portland there is a basketball tournament at the downtown YMC A every noon, except weekends and Christmas. That's 260 tournaments a year. We play four-on-four, losers out, game is 21. Winners stay, and a new team fights its way up from the other end of the court. None of the players are professionals. Not professional basketball players, that is. Occasionally we'll get a wrestler, and frequently, during the summer, old football players like Mel Renfro, Abe Woodson, Terry Baker and George Shaw show up. No referee; everyone calls his own fouls. Maybe not all—maybe about half.

I've heard that there are other groups just as obsessed with basketball in the United States, but I've never found them. Occasionally when I am in New York I try to get in a game at the New York Athletic Club, but they play three-on-three, the basketballs are like old bowling-ball luggage and they go at it only three afternoons a week. I have worked out a couple of times at the West 63rd Street

continued

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YMCA. Frank Gifford got me started there. Three-on-three, a heavy ball, a dark gym and only 10 fellows in the gym. Outside there are windows.

About Gifford. He's what you call a ball hawk when he's on your side and a hatchet man when he's against you. He has to win—he'll do anything to keep from losing. I have the feeling that if he couldn't swim, and he found himself in a swimming meet, he'd clobber the water so hard he'd be able to scuttle along the bottom. He plays basketball as if he's in a swimming meet.

I hit my overhead.

"What kind of shot was that?" Frank asked.

"Been practicing it a while," I said.

Little did he know.

"Lucky," said Frank. "But watch it. You're liable to throw this game away."

When he doesn't know what else to do, he throws the ball against the backboard. Then he knows what he's going to do. He knocks down the defensive halfback.

When Gifford was playing football for the New York Giants, he'd always manage one basketball game a year with a group of friends, including Bob Cousy, Jerry West, Paul Hornung, Bobby Hull, Terry Baker and Timmy Brown. He told me he'd rather get in a game with Cousy than go with Ken Venturi or Dave Marr. So would I, I told Frank.

One time he invited me to play with Cousy. It was in Acapulco on an outdoor basketball court on the waterfront. Cousy, Hull, Hornung, Baker and Gifford versus a swarm of 5'4" Mexicans, who obviously had been watching the Harlem Globetrotters all their lives. Every pass they made was behind the back, every try at the hoop was a hook from the corner.

I was shooting a 16mm film of the game, but halfway through the first period Frank ran over and said, "Homer, here's your chance. Go in for me. I'll run the machine." I went in and took the ball off the board, broke for the foul line and started an overhead. Halfway up. I chickened out. So I did what the Mexicans were doing. I made the old grandstand behind-the-back pass. Only it wasn't to anyone I saw—I passed it blind behind my back, just the way the Mexicans were doing. Where it went I knew not. My move had all the dramatic ingredients of a second baseman throwing to first.

The ball bounced about eight feet behind me. It wasn't even a straight behind-the-back pass. It went through a Mexican or two, and then right into the hands of Bob Cousy. Mr. Basketball was under the basket. He spun it off the backboard, and it went in. Cousy two, give Greening the assist. Now, I wouldn't dare bring it up except that what happened is now on film. Frank got it all. It's in the film called *Acapulco*, which he narrated. I have probably the only print that still exists.

An assist to Cousy, it seems to me, is like finding out that your caddie is Jack Nicklaus. Or like putting a bandage on Florence Nightingale.

Now I can tell you about the Big Day, April 11, 1967. Twelve o'clock noon, Portland YMCA, the west basket. Four-on-four, of course; five regulars (Dick Marlowe, Dale Garrett, Bob Morrison, Chief Red Thunder and me) and three strangers who wanted in.

All I remember is that the first time the ball was passed to me, I dribbled to The Spot at the top of the key and threw it up. Of course, it went in. The three strangers were my teammates, and there was scorn in their manner. I usually end up with the oddballs.

I feel the way a man plays basketball—particularly whether he passes more than he shoots—is a key to his personality. An unhappy basketball player seeks happiness by passing the ball to what he hopes are his friends. He assumes that he will get approval by giving them the ball and allowing them to shoot, and he will pretend that this approval will result in happiness. The shooter, on the other hand, does not know that there are such things as friends or happiness. All he knows is that he is unhappy when he isn't shooting. But those who shoot just hoping the ball will go in get nothing but scorn. I've been told that making the overhead isn't so great. It's having the guts to fire it in the first place that is hard to believe.

The three strangers were not seeking happiness; they did not pass the ball to me. When the ball happened to bounce to me, however, I did look earnestly for approval. I passed back to the strangers, but their scorn did not disappear. I decided not to seek approval. I said to myself, maybe this is The Day. It was.

I put myself on The Spot. I turned away from the basket and put up an over-

head from the top of the key, 20 feet out. That was two in a row.

"Goodness gracious, crickey!" exclaimed the strangers, as they do in YMCAs. "What the hell kind of shot is that?" I smiled enigmatically. No need to drag this out. I made a third, then a fourth. Then I missed one. Then I made another. And another. I think that you should picture the next one. After all, that will be seven out of eight.

I placed myself under the backboard and waited with my hands cupped, like an empty ice-cream cone held under a Dairy Queen spout. When the basketball dropped into my hands after one of the strangers missed his shot and everyone else missed the rebound, I dribbled fast to the foul line.

It is hard to believe, but the defense was trying to keep me away from the top of the key. "Pass the ball!" suggested one of the strangers. I sidestepped my own outstretched leg. "Get rid of it!" yelled another stranger. I switched the dribble to my left hand. I can bat the ball once left-handed, and then I have to recover it with my right. "Don't shoot!" said the third stranger. Well, of course, I did.

I sighted down the court to the other end of the playing floor, brought my arm up straight through the line that intersected the distant basket and lofted the ball just as I had been doing for 30 years.

And that was it. Seven out of eight overheads, without looking, from the top of the key, in actual competition.

Later I was in the locker room, laughing to myself. I overheard the three strangers talking about the game as they were getting dressed a couple of locker rows from me. "You know that old fat guy on our team," said one. "He sure didn't have any idea where that ball was going."

"Yeah," said another. "Luckiest bunch of shots I ever saw."

"He made at least 10 in a row," said the third.

"Twelve," said the first.

Then they went into the shower, and I headed back up to the gym. It was empty, and I shot two-handed sets for half an hour. It felt funny to be facing the basket for such a long time, but I got used to it. I called my secretary and told her I'd been delayed, but I would be back in the office as soon as I could get away.

END

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Digicom records the availability of all radio cars on a TV screen down at headquarters.

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As for the cop on patrol, with digicom in his car, he can actually run five license plate checks a minute directly through the state computer file. And check up on suspicious characters.

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Naturally, all of this means a lot to the police, who need all the help they can get nowadays.

The cop on the spot can make faster decisions, because he's better informed.

That goes for the dispatcher, too.

But it also means something to the average citizen.

Knowing which car to send where can not only save time, but lives. And at the very least, can just plain get help to a lot of people fast.

Of course, the police can't carry digicom around with them like Dick Tracy's wrist-radio.

Yet.

GTE

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

"I'll be the greatest lawyer after being the greatest fighter," said the boxer, Muhammad Ali on a new kick. No. **Terry Duncich**, a former SMU linchback who plans to upset **Joe Frazier** and take away the heavyweight title on Jan. 15 in New Orleans. After that, the 25-year-old legal eagle will return to school. How would he describe himself as a boxer? "Good-looking." What does he do for relaxation? "Noodlepoint. It lets my mind wander freely." Hung in there, Dimples.

It has taken Greece four years to get back at **King Constantine**, who fled into exile in 1967 after an unsuccessful coup d'état against the present military government. **Sailor Constantine**, who won a gold medal at the 1960 Olympics, made overtures through unofficial channels to be allowed to join Greece's 1972 Olympic team. The answer was that he could not.

It has been a long year for **Joe Kapp**, the former Minnesota Vikings and New England Patriots quarterback, a holdout since the

beginning of the season, has spent most of the time running his bar in a Vancouver (B.C.) hotel. On Sundays, however, Kapp retires to his apartment, where he had three TV sets installed recently, to watch pro football games. "I'm a nut about TV," he says. About his own career, he adds wistfully, "I expect to play again—somewhere, sometime."

There he goes, skimming along on his water skis, graceful as a lead whale. Why, it's Alabama's 274-pound Offensive Tackle **John Hutsch**, who has had a problem finding a boat that will pull his weight. In fact, reports John, when he asked his father to trade in the family craft for a more powerful job so he could pursue his hobby, Pop replied, "I can't afford a destroyer."

Not the least of the pleasures awaiting the Washington Senators as they were officially welcomed to Arlington for their rechristening as Texas Rangers was a telegram that read "Miss Nixon and I are behind you all the way. You can count on my being there opening day." Handshakes and smiles all around, until **Warren Woodward**, president of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, took a closer look at the signature on the wire. **Sam Nixon**, of Waco, Texas.

They have this hot Little League football team called the Schofield Panthers at Schofield Barracks near Honolulu which has been beating the clods off the opposition, winning its first six games by an average of 66 points. Coach **Eddie Smith**, an Army sergeant, got the word from his superiors recently that all those one-sided wins were having a detrimental effect on the other teams, and he was asked to ease up. His young charges couldn't see it, however, and they went out and dumped



their next opponent 79-0. As a result, Sergeant Smith was relieved of his command. So the Panthers, under the redemptive hand of a new head coach, buried their next foes 113-8. Smith was hurriedly restored.

Howard Fearing, 104, of Bethlehem, Pa., who may be the oldest active football fan around, didn't make it to the big game this year, the one in which his alma mater, Lehigh, beat Lafayette 48-19. Still, his attendance record isn't bad. He has managed to attend 94 of the 107 games the two schools have played since 1884, and when he can't make one in person he manages to catch it on radio. Fearing, class of 1890, spends his time between games playing bridge, watching games on TV, reading three newspapers and waiting impatiently for next year's big game.

Mr. Fearing, meet **Walter Hollenbach** of Jersey City, who has won his skirmish with the Princeton University ticket department. Imagine, they tried to palm off a set of season tickets on the enemy side of Palmer Stadium, when Mr. Hollenbach

has been sitting on the home side for the last 433 games played there. In defiance to the fact that he has been a steady customer since 1899, the university agreed to restore him to friendly turf.

Have you ever seen a happier Macbeth? That's **Carl Eller**, Minnesota Viking defensive end turned Thespian, as he was filmed last week at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis in several Shakespearean roles for a local TV commercial. Forsooth! The attempt and not the deed confounds us.

In a curiously refreshing crusade, hundreds of Britons marched to Schwappes headquarters in England recently to return thousands of bottles gathered in a nationwide drive. **Graham Searle**, director of Friends of the Earth, said Schwappes was wasting resources in not seeing that the bottles got reused. Later a Schwappes worker surveyed the sea of glass outside the company building and lamented his fate. "Blimey, now I'll have to clear this lot up," he said. Couldn't he transport them to the factory for recycling? "No," he said. "These are non-returnables."

Word floats down from **Kenneth Gidge** of Boston, currently living atop a flugpole in Peabody, Mass., that he will descend on Christmas Eve after 250 days aloft, thus establishing a new high. Gidge passed the record of 211 days, nine hours on Nov. 15. So far, he reports he has been bitten by spiders, attacked by hornets and a sea gull and survived six electrical storms and Hurricane Doria. In his spare time he has been writing a book, flying kites, teaching his pet parakeet **Nixon** how to talk and running unsuccessfully for councilor of the ward he and Nixon are perched above.



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It was as bad a day as Chester Marcol is likely to have. He missed a field-goal attempt of 38 yards, one of his punts was blocked and his team, Hillsdale College of Michigan, suffered its most depressing loss of the season, 43-10 to Indiana University of Pennsylvania. The fact that Marcol saved one touchdown by making an open-field tackle on a punt return, completed two passes from kick formation, averaged 44 yards on the seven punts that were not blocked and, before the game, warmed up with several 60-yard field goals—all that was of little consolation. Chester Marcol does these things frequently.

In case you are wondering what kind of kicker performs this way on a bad day, understand that Chester Marcol is hardly ordinary. He holds the modern collegiate records for longest field goal (62 yards) and most consecutive extra points (104) and has averaged better than 40 yards a punt in his career. In case you are wondering why you have never heard of Chester Marcol, keep wondering. As the prison boss said in *Cool Hand Luke*, "What we've got here is a failure to communicate."

"It's hard to phone someone and tell him about Hillsdale College," says Mike Mills, a senior who performs a full-time sports information director's chores in addition to completing 17 hours of studies. "They just think it's another small college, but when a man is kicking, he should be judged on an equal basis with someone from the Big Ten or Southeastern Conference."

Evidently, though, some people think it is easier to kick a 60-yard field goal for a small college than for a major university. True, Hillsdale, a school of about 1,100 students some 80 miles southwest of Detroit, became a camping ground for writers and photographers the week after Marcol's 62-yarder in 1969, but publicity subsided quickly. People forgot quickly, too. When Bill McClard of Arkansas kicked a 60-yarder last year, the feat was at first reported as a modern record. When the mistake was noticed, the guilty ones often replied, "Oh, we meant NCAA record. Hillsdale is an NAIA school, and they don't count."

Oddly enough, the two people who should most resent Marcol's anonymity—Marcol and his coach, Frank (Muddy) Waters—are on the whole unperturbed. "I got enough publicity when I set the record," Marcol says. Adds Waters: "For us, being a small school like we are, we don't command the attention. We're happy to get any publicity at all. In this area alone, we're competing with Michigan and Eastern Michigan—both ranked teams."

Marcol and Waters speak with some prescience. At least half a dozen NFL teams have serious enough kicking problems to be on the lookout for top college prospects, and Marcol is likely to be the least-known first-round pick. Well, least known to the public. Cal Brandt, the superscout of the Dallas Cowboys, has a voluminous file on him, and Cleveland scout Lou Groza, who kicked more points than anyone in pro history, has said, "Marcol is the best kicker I've seen so far this year."

His punts, which are high enough to allow for good coverage, are just what the pros want. That his dual kicking talents will save pro teams one specialist enhances his attractiveness, of course. Only one pro—Dennis Parice (San Diego)—is both punter and placekicker.

In his better-known capacity, placekicking, Marcol is already ahead of most pros. This season only four NFL regulars have missed fewer field goal attempts from inside the 40. Marcol is 2 for 3 from 40 to 49 yards and only some close calls from 50 and more, abetted by stiff winds and rain, have prevented him from joining the six pros who have hit from long range. Marcol attempted a 77-yarder on the last play of one game. It was five yards short and, as the students say, right on. Marcol has kicked eight field goals of 50 yards or more at Hillsdale. He was the first player selected for this year's Shrine Bowl, which indicates people other than pro scouts are getting the message, too.

Ever since he was Czeslaw Marcol, stopping soccer balls as the goalie for his town team in Opole, Poland back in the early 1960s, Marcol has been delivering the message in one language or

Czeslaw Marcol is no Polish joke

As the pro scouts have discovered,
Hillsdale's placekicker is worth
three points from 60 yards away



NOW THE SNAP, IT'S UP, IT'S GOOD

continued

another. He was such a good soccer player that when his mother decided to move the family in with relatives in Inlay City, Mich., upon the death of Chester's father in 1964, the town of Opole reputedly offered to buy Chester a house to keep him in Poland.

His introduction to America was relatively free of the usual cultural hazards. A girl cousin helped him through his early days at Inlay City High and a friendly teacher tutored him overtime in English. His soccer-style kicking talents were discovered in a gym class by a teacher named John Rowan, and it was just another step to the football field. While Inlay City people are vague about the length of his field goals—estimates of his longest range from 46 to 55—he was so accurate from short range that the only two extra points he missed as a senior were blocked.

Marcol was refused admission at Michigan State because he supposedly could not pass the English requirement. "I don't think so," he says. "They say I couldn't pass the English entrance exam, but they never gave it to me. I could have entered that school as a foreign student with no problem because they offer many more languages. I could have taken Polish and Russian, which I speak."

MSU never bothered to exercise that option, but John Rowan, a Hillsdale graduate, did. He introduced Marcol to Waters and Marcol was enrolled at Hillsdale as a foreign student taking English as a foreign language. He has since been naturalized. It hardly seems too much to suggest that if Chester Marcol had been able to speak English, he might even now be kicking his long field goals on national television.

As an NAIA kicker, he is unrecognized and a bit bitter about the short shrift all kickers, especially foreign-born ones, get. A remark by Alex Karras, the former Detroit Lion defensive tackle, especially irritates him. Karras said, "I think those foreign soccer kickers should have their visas taken away from them and be returned to wherever they come from. The game is predicated around the touchdown, that's the way I feel about it."

Marcol, who is 6' 1" and weighs 190 pounds, is a convincing rebuttal in action. He fields errant snaps from center like the goalie he was, made six solo tackles this year and threw a 38-yard scor-

ing pass when a field-goal snap flew over his head. Indeed, Marcol, who was a defensive halfback and split end in high school, is most likely to jeopardize his pro chances through his outspoken love of contact.

Hillsdale College is about as well known to the public as Marcol, and with as little reason. The school has been best publicized for a UFO sighting there and for its academic dean, E. Harold Munn, the Prohibition Party candidate for President. Founded in 1844 by Free Will Baptists (it is nonsectarian now), Hillsdale graduated a first class of five that included a woman and a black man named Fisk who founded a school by the same name in Nashville. Hillsdale's major major is business administration and the fraternities claim about 45% of the students. The energetic new president, 36-year-old Dr. George C. Roche III, is a widely published economic-historian and friend of William F. Buckley Jr. The school is immensely proud of the fact that it has never accepted state or government aid. It is a quiet campus amid small hills in country more New England than Midwest in character and the most riotous sound emanating of a fall night is the military cadence of fraternity pledges reciting their chants.

Yet Hillsdale is less conservative than liberal in the classical mold of an institution that values individualism above all else. The school's motto is "Preparation for Leadership." Business leaders conduct seminars at the Dow Leadership Conference Center, and students are invited to watch through one-way mirrors. There are student-faculty committees and a student is expected ultimately to join the board of trustees. "We try to maintain values of human dignity and a belief in a powerful God, which in turn brings out the individual and his potential," says the president's assistant, Dr. Louis Pischford, a big, friendly man with a remarkable resemblance to Senator Muskie.

Blending in very nicely with the school is the athletic department, which is run by the benevolent presence of Muddy Waters, who looks like a beardless Santa Claus with his white hair, ruddy face and laugh wrinkles around the eyes. There are only 48 tuition grants and no full rides for any sport. Most scholarship athletes come from out of state and work at part-time jobs to remain at Hillsdale.

"I don't want an athletic dorm," says Waters. "I wouldn't take one if you gave it to me. I want our athletes to have the full college experience."

Marcol was at first very lost at Hillsdale. "My first kickoff went 20 yards," he says. "I began to ask myself, 'What am I doing here?'" (Interjects Waters, "So did I.") Marcol is now happy about his college experience, speaking English quite fluently—only an occasionally missing article gives his origins away—with the usual quota of "Oh, wow" and "man" in his vocabulary. He is a fraternity member, is pinned to a girl and lives in a typical off-campus bachelor pad with Saad Jallad, an Arab from Jerusalem who is Marcol's understudy on the team.

Last spring Marcol saved up his money to vacation in Florida. At the end of a week Waters, who also was in Florida at the time, asked him how he was doing. "Coach," Marcol said, "I'm spending money like mad. I came here with \$17 and now I've got \$6." Waters is anxious that Marcol isn't conned financially by the pros and a well-versed economist has been chosen to advise him at contract time. "Of course," says Waters, "we don't want to ask for too much. We just want Chester to earn a good salary."

You might say he already has earned it, Muddy.

THE WEEK

by DON DELLIQUANTI

MIDWEST

1. NEBRASKA (11-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (9-1)
3. MICHIGAN (11-0)

While Nebraska and Oklahoma played the latest Game of the Decade (page 22), Michigan rested until New Year's Day and Stanford. The only other issue at stake in the Midwest was second place in the Missouri Valley Conference, and Tulsa, Louisville and North Texas State finished in a tie behind Memphis State. Tulsa gained its share of the runner-up spot by beating Wichita State 31-13. State had taken a 7-0 lead, but the Golden Hurricane blew past the Shockers when Sam Henry kicked a 27-yard field goal and Quarterback Todd Sparks heaved

continued

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A hibernating Sony.

It spends the winter nestled in the warm living room, plugged into an outlet, resting its 11 inches* on the coffee table.

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for hibernation is over. So, with its optional battery pack, the Sony makes its annual return to the forest, the boat and the beach.

All summer, it stays outdoors, playing under

the warm sun.

But one day, cold weather will return. Then the Sony will go back to the living room and hibernate until, once again, it is spring.

Such is life.



SONY'S 11" indoor, outdoor portable

a 61-yard touchdown pass to James Shaw.

Louisville, playing at home, wanted a win over Cincinnati for Coach Lee Corso, who was rumored to be leaving to take over at Maryland. But the Bearcats' Mel Ruggins played for a TD from the one with 1:43 remaining and Defensive Back Jim Henderson stopped the Cardinals with an interception a few seconds later to preserve a 19-16 victory for Cincinnati.

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (11-0)
2. AUBURN (9-1)
3. GEORGIA (10-1)

Alabama smothered Auburn in the biggest game in the South (over 25), but there was one upset, two close calls and at least one unusual incident in other regional games. "Everything went wrong for me this week," said Clemson Coach Hootie Ingram. That was his way of saying that South Carolina was in for trouble—and indeed it was as Clemson upset the Gamecocks 17-7 for its first victory over South Carolina since 1967.

Georgia and Tennessee were hard pressed to claim their respective state titles. Just about the time that most Americans were trying to digest too much turkey, Georgia Tech appeared to have chewed up the Bulldogs in a 24-21 upset. Even Georgia's sophomore Quarterback Andy Johnson thought his team was beaten when Tech scored its go-ahead touchdown and then stopped Georgia at the nine with only three minutes remaining. But starting from the Tech 35, with 1:29 left, Johnson passed the Bulldogs in the one-yard line and Jimmy Poulos plunged for a TD with 14 seconds left to win 28-24. "Johnson can pass, in case anybody still wants to know," said Coach Vince Dooley afterward. A writer responded, "We knew that. It's good Vince finally figured it out."

Tennessee trailed Vanderbilt 7-0 after three quarters. But Vol Quarterback Jim Maxwell escaped Vanderbilt's defensive end, George Abernathy, long enough to complete a six-yard touchdown pass to Sonny Leach to tie the game, and George Hunt booted a 39-yard field goal with 3:47 remaining for a 10-7 lead. Tennessee added another touchdown and a safety for a 19-7 triumph.

Florida, LSU and Mississippi had little trouble winning, but John Reeves of the Gators needed some hanky-panky from his teammates to surpass Jim Plunkett's career total-yardage record. Florida beat Miami 45-16, but the Gator defense—responding to Orange Bowl chants of "Let 'em score"—actually dropped to the artificial turf with 1:10 to play and allowed the Hurricanes an uncomest touchdown so Reeves could get

one more chance to reach his ultimate 7,540-yard total, five better than Plunkett's. Florida Coach Doug Dickey later had words with a Miami assistant, but said the defense did the swan dive on its own. "I would rather not have had to do it that way, but certain records are worth going after, I guess," Dickey said. "It was the worst thing I have ever seen in football," said Miami Coach Frank Cinci. "A disgrace. A pure lack of class. I was watching Dickey the whole time and saw him send the boy in with the call, I've lost all respect for Dickey as a coach and as a man." Reeves later did a dive of his own—into a fountain when his teammates dinked him. Mississippi humiliated Mississippi State 48-0, and LSU, with Andy Hamilton making six catches and two touchdowns, defeated Tulane 36-7. Hamilton broke two Tiger records held by Ken Kavanaugh Sr. Said Ken Kavanaugh Jr., Hamilton's teammate, "Shucks, that's great."

SOUTHWEST

1. HOUSTON (9-2)
2. TEXAS (8-2)
3. ARKANSAS (8-2-1)

Utah should have realized something was amiss when its party was deemed too large to tour the National Aeronautics and Space Administration Center in Houston. The entire group finally was allowed to visit NASA and was given a personally guided tour by Dr. James Fletcher, NASA head, the day before a 42-16 loss to Houston. Dr. Fletcher, incidentally, is a former president of the University of Utah. Sentiment aside, Cougar Fullback Robert Newhouse carried 31 times through the porous Redskin defense for 204 yards to become the leading rusher in Houston history with 2,861 yards. Coach Bill Yeaman of the Cougars, in a last-minute campaign for his 5'11" (actually, the pros supposedly have found him to be 5'9 3/4") size, said, "Any All-America team that doesn't have Newhouse is a farce." Newhouse is not as pushy. "I never worry about the publicity," he said, "I just do the running."

Everything was up to date in the Southwest Conference, where Texas defeated Texas A&M 34-14 on Thanksgiving Day to earn its annual Cotton Bowl assignment (to meet its fourth in a row), and Couaches Bill Beall of Baylor and Gene Stallings of A&M lost their jobs. Beall knew it was coming, since he had a 3-28 three-year mark and finished with a 23-0 loss to R.C. Bubba Berg, a sophomore spit end, caught two touchdown passes and Mark Williams kicked three field goals as Rice ended Coach Bill Peterson's first season on an upbeat note. Stallings held a press conference after the losses to

Texas, saying he felt he would be retained despite a 5-6 record. He was whistling in the dark, however. Two hours later, Dr. Jack Williams, A&M president, administered the coup de grace.

A 29-yard field goal by Bert Simmons in the final 13 seconds gave TCU an 18-16 victory over SMU, which appeared to have won the game on a two-yard TD run by Quarterback Gary Hammond with 2:42 to go. "Just call him George Blanda Simmons," said TCU Quarterback Steve Judy.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (10-D)
2. BOSTON COLLEGE (9-2)
3. DARTMOUTH (8-1)

"He wears up and down—and these kids are taught to be honest—that his knee did not touch the ground," said Navy Coach Rick Forzano. But Field Judge Louis Koerber ruled—and a television replay seemed to confirm his call—that Navy Quarterback Fred Sixel's knee did touch the ground at the Army eight before he pitched back to Halfback George Berry for what appeared to be a go-ahead touchdown for the Midgies on their last series against Army. The Cadet defense held and a few seconds later Army purposefully took a safety on the game's final play for a 24-23 win, the first time in 72 years this game has been decided by one point. Forzano, whose contract expires this year, explained why he did not go for a field goal, which would have tied the Cadets: "Let me tell you something. We don't go for ties."

In another classic, the 67th Jesuit battle, Boston College defeated Holy Cross 21-7 for its winningest season since 1940. Coach Ed Doherty, who guided Holy Cross to a 4-6 record in his first season, knew he was in for trouble when the two schools finally found a place to play just 24 hours before kickoff. There was a foot of snow at Holy Cross, the scheduled site of the game, and the Crusaders, who would have liked another week to prepare, refused to play at Boston College. An agreement was reached with the New England Patriots at the last minute and the game was held in Schaefer Stadium in Foxboro. Doherty wanted more time to install offensive and defensive systems to confuse the Eagles. The Crusaders took a 7-0 lead on a four-yard touchdown pass from Pete Vaseo to Joe Neary. Then BC Quarterback Ray Ripman started to connect. He threw 40 yards to Ed Redcutt for the go-ahead touchdown and 46 to Mel Briggs. "Even the Patriots couldn't have defended against those passes," said Doherty.

Ruigers won the first annual Urban Classic, upsetting Morgan State 27-8. Quarter-

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The Nostalgia Collection by Arrow, the colorful white shirt company.



back Leo Gasienka threw two touchdown passes to Tight End Larry Christoff and sneaked for one TD himself.

Remember Bill Cosby's "Hofstra" routine? That was the one in which Cosby and his Temple University teammates panic in the locker room over the possibility of having to play Hofstra on television. C.W. Post, which was a 25-point favorite against Hofstra on Thanksgiving Day, no longer thinks Cosby's act is funny. The final score: Hofstra 14, C.W. Post 12. Now, the Pioneers must face Delaware, the nation's top college division team, in the Boardwalk Bowl at Atlantic City on Dec. 11.

WEST

1. ARIZONA STATE (10-1)
2. STANFORD (8-3)
3. WASHINGTON (8-3)

Arizona made it to the Arizona State portion of Tempe's Sun Devil Stadium just twice as the once-beaten Devils romped to a 31-0 win in a game that was supposed to be high-scoring—for both teams. The Wildcats, who had averaged 19 points a game, were limited to 168 total yards, just 63 rushing, and only 13 completions in 40 attempts. The explosive Sun Devils also fell below their season average of 471 total yards, but were hardly embarrassed with 406. Halfback Woody Green led the onslaught with a pair of touchdown runs. The only solace for Arizona was an interception by Cornerback Jackie Wallace in the last quarter, his 11th, to tie a WAC record set by Seth Miller of ASU in 1969.

Iowa State scored three touchdowns in a last-quarter comeback to beat San Diego State 48-31. Quarterback Dean Carlson ran for one TD and passed for another in the final flurry; overall, he completed three touchdown passes. Brian Sipe of the Aztecs also tossed three touchdown passes, all to Split End Tom Reynolds, as he completed 22 of 47 for 304 yards. Unhappily, he was intercepted four times.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE LINEMAN: Rob Glover, the 6' 1", 234-pound Nebraska middle guard, took part in 22 tackles in the Cornhuskers' march piledriver win over Oklahoma. Glover, who is a junior, was also credited with the recovery of a fumble.

THE BACK: Houston Fullback Robert Newhouse ground out 204 yards on 31 carries in a 42-16 win over Utah to finish the season with 1,757 yards, thus making him second to Ed Munnaro of Cornell, the all-time leader.



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He has them over a barrel

Ten years ago Laffit Pincay got his first riding lessons sitting on a keg; now even his rivals concede that he is the finest jockey in the world

It may come as a surprise to learn that the world's top jockey is no longer—depending on how you view such matters—Bill Shoemaker, Lester Piggott or Yves Saint-Martin. He is, instead, a vibrantly muscular Panamanian named Laffit Pincay (pronounced La-feet Pink-eye). With his skill he has stolen so many races from the opposition that fans have begun calling him Pincay the Pirate. Even Shoemaker, now 40 and curtailing his riding activity, hesitates not a flick of the whip to note, "I lift it the next champion, whether he beats my lifetime record [6,263 wins] or not. He's the finest rider to come along since I've been in a position to judge."

The 25-year-old Pincay has few interests outside of racing. It is the vim and substance of his life and he has funneled his immense supply of energy toward one goal: becoming the world's most successful jockey. This season he has achieved that rating.

Pincay made a runaway of the jockeys' race at the 1971 Santa Anita and Hollywood Park meetings, becoming the first rider in 18 years to thrash Shoemaker in head-to-head competition. At Hollywood his 106 victories (Shoe's total: 78) broke the record of 105 set in 1948 by Johnny Longden. Moving east in late July, Pincay faced riders at Saratoga who had the advantage of having established themselves with New York trainers during the preceding months. But Pincay topped the winners' list at that track, too, and as Aqueduct moves into its final weeks no rider stands a chance of beating him, barring injury or suspension. Last Saturday, with his victory on the 13-to-1 shot Red Reality in the \$60,000 Stuyvesant Handicap, he moved 14 wins ahead of his closest rival.

Every day he rides, Pincay is now setting records. In September he passed Braulio Baeza's earnings mark for one season of just over \$3 million, it would not be surprising if Pincay's mounts by

the end of this year had collected \$3.7 million; his share of the winnings is roughly 10 percent.

Life for Laffit was not always richly rewarding. He was the second of four children of a Panamanian jockey. When his parents divorced, his father, who is now a trainer, moved to Venezuela. "As a kid I hardly ever saw him," Pincay says. "He was away in Caracas. I know he came to New York on at least one occasion—to ride Primordial II and win the Display Handicap at Aqueduct in 1964. I used to meet him once in a while, but seldom now."

For many Panama City boys—and Pincay was one—school was tolerable only if it was mixed with long sessions at the city's lone racetrack. At 15 Laffit got a job as a hot-walker, mucking out stalls without pay. "I would work at the track from six in the morning until 11:30," Pincay recalls. "Then I would go to school from two until six or seven at night. It was a year before I could exercise horses, and still another year before I started breeding and working them out of the gate. During this time I was being helped tremendously by an old man, a former rider with a great deal of courage named Bolivar Moreno. He had started a school to teach boys like me to become jockeys. Before my time, such riders as Manuel Ycaza, Braulio Baeza and Heliodoro Gutierrez mostly taught themselves through experience on the track—or they were helped by the trainers and the families they worked for. But by the time Jorge Velasquez and I came along, Moreno had his school set up. And after us Jorge Teixeira studied with him also."

Moreno's courses, at least the preliminary lessons, were based on Eddie Arcaro's series on the *Art of Race Riding*, which had appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (June 17, 1957; see pg. 3). "Moreno told us that this showed the best way to do things," Pincay says. "Then he would put a barrel down for us to sit on



and use some cord to make stirrups and reins. He would lecture: 'You should do this and that,' and we would be trying to study the pictures of Arcaro and do this and do that the way Arcaro demonstrated. All this time I was reading about the big names like Shoemaker, Longden, Rose, Tancotte and our own Baeza and Ycaza. It seemed impossible that I would ever come to the United States. I never thought I could make it, it was so difficult."

Pincay's opinion of himself changed as soon as he began regular race riding as an apprentice. In two years he rode over 400 winners and was Panama's leading rider, which gave him supreme confidence. He was brought to the U.S. by Fred W. Hooper. If Hooper had not made a name for himself by winning a Kentucky Derby with the first horse he ever bought (Hooper, Jr., who cost \$10-200), racing would remember this man as the discoverer and sponsor of Panamanian riders. "I'm hating 3 for 3," he said not long ago, "and I'm scared if I take another chance I might spoil my average."

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rising young rider, Braulio Baeza. "Would Hooper please give the boy a chance? Hooper did, and that seemed to work out rather well. Two years later Navarro tugged at Hooper's sleeve once more and recommended Velasquez. In 1965 Navarro told Hooper about Pincay. The next summer Laffin joined the Hooper stable at Arlington Park. The partnership was an immediate success, despite the fact the young rider could speak little English and was facing at his first race meeting such formidable competitors as Hall Hackett, John Sellers and, later on, Shoemaker himself. "At the time Mr. Hooper had a good filly named Teacher's Art," Pincay remembers. "He took another boy off her, saying he'd pay him for the ride anyway. He put me on that day and we won easy. I was lucky to start fast. Out of the first 11 mounts I took, I won eight races, and even though I came late to Chicago I finished as the third leading rider. Then we went to Hawthorne Park and I was leading rider. Then on to New York, where I believe I finished third."

Vince DeGregory, who earlier had helped launch the career of Jockey Angel Cordero Jr., became Pincay's agent two years ago and further increased Laffin's success. "I just can't say enough about my boy," says DeGregory. "He's a combination of Bob Ussery finishing and Baeza sitting still. He rides as well on the lead as he does from behind. He can switch whips, stick-ride or hand-ride with anyone. He doesn't get excited and is a logical thinker. He's so anxious to be helpful that he picked up English in five months, and now he can make sensible suggestions to trainers about equipment and strategy."

Pincay credits his success to three things: hard work, desire and DeGregory, who strives as hard to get him rides on the best claimers as he does to nail down jobs on horses like the probable 3-year-old champion Bold Reason. "I have a great wish to be the best," says Pincay with easy confidence. "If you get the opportunity you've got to take it when you can. We Panamanians come here with more experience under tougher conditions. At home we start working with broken-down horses. Another thing, the 2-year-olds in Panama are not broken as carefully as they are here so it is a lot more dangerous. You've got to be better."

On riding style, 5' 1", 109-pound Pin-

cay has positive opinions: "I don't try to copy anyone. I do what is natural for me. If you try to model yourself on somebody else, I don't think that's right: it's not giving your best concentration to your own style—or to the horse you're on. Sure, I like to look good, but on some horses, when you have to whip and get into a horse, there's no way you can look good."

Pincay, unlike many less enthusiastic jockeys, seeks to please trainers. He rides scrupulously to orders though, as he says, "most of the time in races things don't happen the way trainers think they should. I'd like to be able to use my own judgment, and if I am given a choice, I prefer coming from behind. In the relationship between jockey and horse I think perhaps the jockey is 30 percent. But remember, it is the horse who runs, and at times the horse is 80 percent. Remember, too, that a really good horse will win with almost anybody riding. But on the other hand, a superior jockey can help an average horse, and sometimes I believe when a jockey is riding with confidence he helps his mount. The horse feels it, and in some strange way they manage to get together. If you don't win races regularly you lose your confidence. Then you try harder and that can be no good, too, because sometimes the harder you try, the more things you do wrong. Soon you find yourself in a slump. Other times you can ride bad horses and they all win. Everything is beautiful!"

"Slumps are part of the luck and don't necessarily have to do with styles. I remember in California in 1969 I was riding good horses but went maybe 40 races without winning one. Then one afternoon I rode two winners, a heavy favorite and a long shot, and I said to myself, 'That's good, I'm out of the slump.' Then I won the \$100,000 Strub Stakes with Nodouble and the stewards took my number down and gave me a five-day suspension. In my first race back after that I won by a nose, but in the stretch I struck another horse with my whip and again I was disqualified and given five more days. After that suspension I rode two or three days, had a spill and broke my ankle. I was out for two or three months. That's what I mean about slumps being more a part of luck than style."

A magnificently disciplined rider of rare judgment, Pincay still considers get-

ting up at 4 a.m. to work horses as much a part of his job as being given a ride on a stakes winner at 4 p.m. "He'll come around, even on a Sunday morning, looking for work," says King Ranch Trainer Buddy Hirsch. "And when you throw him up on a horse you feel like a vase. They remind me of Johnny Longden's."

Although Pincay considers California home, he prefers to ride in the East. "I like New York because the racing is better. At Aqueduct in a 14-horse field you usually have 14 top riders. In California in a 12-horse field there are maybe seven or eight top riders; that's the difference. I guess it's simply that I thrive on competition. But there is something else. I don't know why, but horses have more of a chance in New York. Even if you ride a 50-to-1 shot you can win."

None of Pincay's horses have yet entered a Hall of Fame, but there is time ahead. To date he considers his best mounts Advocate, Nodouble, Drin, Rising Market, Gaiety, Twice Worthy, Unconscious and Bold Reason. The first Kentucky Derby Pincay ever saw was last May, and he didn't see much of it as his horse, the 5-to-2 favorite, Unconscious, broke down and finished out of the money. "I thought I'd be very nervous being there for the first time and on the favorite, too," he says, "but when it happened it was like any other \$100,000 race."

Hundred-granders are going to make Pincay wealthy in the future and to take care of that his business manager has incorporated him and is investing the profits in real estate. But Pincay is not yet thinking of his old age. "I would like to be like Shoemaker," he says, "and keep riding a long, long time. Then I'll stick around the track, probably as a trainer. Not as an agent though. They have too many aggravations."

A few days later veteran Trainer Syl Vetch, who has watched the great riders for years, tossed Laffin Pincay up on a long shot belonging to George D. Widener. "I may not have the best horse," Vetch remarked to a friend in the paddock, "but I know I've got the best jockey. It's his head, you know; he's always thinking. In a race he's a lot like Arcaro once was; he's watching every other horse. Too many guys know only one way to look; straight ahead. This man can outride any jockey in the world right now."

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Small game shoot in big game land

The customary safari props were all in place: an apple-green dusk, just beginning to spread like Kodachrome over the hills north of Nairobi and hippos belching and mumbaling in the chocolate currents of the Tana River. Herds of impala and zebra browsed through the heat amid thorn scrub on the horizon, while from the riverside brush arose a clamor of birdcalls so potently electronic, it seemed, that even Tarzan would blush at the racket. But not John Anière, 35, the resident Lord Greystoke

who leases these 5,000 acres of game lands in the Itihanga Hills as a hunting concession.

"Those are *kwana* calling—guinea fowl," said Anière. "We'll pop in at the coffee *shamba* up on the ridge for a little evening shoot." Anière is one of a mere handful of East African professional hunters (the term "white hunter" went out with independence) who sees the ecological handwriting on the wall and is promoting small-game hunts on a continent where the future of big game is a matter of much concern to environmentalists. He is into a good thing. For the upland bird shooter in particular, East Africa is a hunting ground of such abundance as to make a Scottish grouse moor or Spanish partridge shoot resemble just another canary farm. Not even North America, in the halcyon 19th century days of the market hunters, could match the richness of Kenya today.

The region's upland game birds range in size from Lilliput to Brobdingnag. On the small end is the button quail,

which is actually a bit bigger than that (about the size of a wren), while at the far end of the scale sits—or, rather, sprints—the long-legged Kori bustard, a 20-pound speedster that would rather run than fly, and definitely deserves a far less ludicrous name. No serious hunter kills either of these extremes on the African bird roster—the button quail is a weak, unchallenging flier, while the giant bustard is protected over most of its territory. Poachers, rifle-shooting meat hunters and, perhaps, evolutionary forces have reduced its numbers.

In between, however, there are more than 100 species of game birds that exist in abundance with no danger of overkill, and thus provide airborne targets that are as difficult as anything in Europe or the Western Hemisphere. Green pigeons in the dark, *Podocarpus* forests of Mount Kenya. Ring-necked doves and the heftier, more acrobatic sandgrouse over the water holes of the semi-arid game plains. For the walk-em-up shotgunner raised on pheasants and

If we've said it once, we've said it 176



ruffed grouse, there are the spur fowl and francolin, partridge-like birds that travel in coveys through the brushy ridges and *dingas* (dry riverbeds) of the lower slopes. In a single weekend of shooting and, with a minimum of traveling from one spot to another by Land Rover, a visiting hunter can experience the equivalent of a Georgia quail season, an Imperial Valley dove season, a Kansas pheasant season and a Maine or Michigan ruffed grouse season—and bag double those U.S. limits in the process.

But the target this evening was game fowl. "You'll find the *kanga* rather deceptive," said Amère as the Land Rover bumped its way toward the coffee plantation. "It's a cross between the pheasant and the B-17—slow off the ground, but hard as hell to bring down." Amère is a quirky, quick-witted Spanish émigré whose family was on the Loyalist (i.e., losing) side in the Civil War. Like so many East African whites, he has patched together a livelihood out of many talents. For a time he worked as

a surveying skin diver for the colonial government, snorkeling out of Pemba, a fiercely hot coral island north of Zanzibar. ("A brining place betimes," he recalls, "except for the breakfasts. I would get up at dawn and goggle out along the reefs, plucking oysters and shucking them into a plastic bag on my belt. Then home—which was a room above an Asian's noisy *duka*—for brekkers: oysters fresh in their own salty juice and a few pints of iced English ale.") Before that came the Mau Mau "emergency," Kenya's euphemism for its tragic but successful 1952-56 revolution. Amère served in the "pseudo-groups," bands of white Kenyans who disguised themselves in blackface, wore the slouch hats and long khaki army-surplus greatcoats favored by the Mau Mau, and patrolled the slopes of Mount Kenya in search of the real thing. "We had our own Africans along with us and tried to remain inconspicuous among them," he says, "but no European, however clever at disguise or anthropology, could

really fool the Mau Mau bands. As a result, we were not all that effective, though there were some rather fierce, long-range battles up there in the fog and the bamboo."

Amère's hunting skills were honed down fine by that experience, but he has discovered since that it takes far more than a knowledge of game habits and a fine tracking eye to become successful as a pro. "You're a Jack-of-all-trades," he complains from time to time, "and Jack's a dull boy. Accountant, travel agent, tour director, camp counselor, *bon vivant*, *vacantur* and, occasionally, sex symbol to the ladies on safari. Give me a water bottle and a rifle and point me into the bush, and that's fine. But with people along, I don't know."

A metallic, cackling sound, reminiscent of the ring-necked pheasant's call, emerged from the coffee plantation as Amère parked the Land Rover halfway down the slope that led to the river below. "The *kanga* are working their way down the slope to their roosts," he ex-

continued

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plained. "I'll have the men beat down toward us, and we'll try to take them passing overhead. Merely fly! They're enough like pheasants to double back between the beaters' legs or fly back over their heads after they're flushed. If you can call your shot, try for the head or the neck. These birds take a lot of killing." He sneered at the 20-gauge Beretta double-barreled shotgun he was holding; Amière would have preferred the larger 12-gauge, but his North American clients had selected the lighter weapons in order to make the shooting more challenging.

The harsh voices and thwacking sticks of the Wakamba beaters drifted down the hillside through the coffee bushes. Dark, turkey-sized shapes scuttled ahead of the line. Then the birds rose—a dozen, two dozen lumbering shapes, seeming clumsy and almost reptilian against the green sky. As one flapped past at close range, there was an impression of the long, naked, vulturine neck and the wet, quizzical eye. The shotgun swung up and along the bird, just as—the fatal kapow! A halo of feathers drifted past the muzzle—a good, solid hit—but the bird set its wings and sloped down a hundred yards farther on. It took a second shot on the ground to finish off the *lawaji's* run.

With the dark settling fast, the hunters pushed down into the thickly grown river bottom, flushing guinea fowl out of the trees and killing them clean on straightaway shots. The birds were plump and large, weighing up to 12 or 15 pounds apiece, though most of that weight was in bone and viscera: the guinea of the wild is not nearly as meaty a bird as its domesticated, barnyard cousin. "We might encounter the odd buffalo in here," Amière muttered as he pushed through the brush. "They drift on down from the hills, just as the rains begin, and the rains this year are overdue. These little porguns would barely kill the ticks on a buffalo's ears, so if one comes, get behind a tree and keep running in circles." Then he shot his eyebrows and pulled his balloon's face. "Gives one a bit of a tingle, what?"

That night, over lies and camp stew, the evening shoot was critically analyzed. Two wounded birds—"runners" in the parlance—had escaped, though a decent retrieving dog would have gathered them easily. Unfortunately, gundogs are rare-

ly used over birds in East Africa, partly because bird shooting is still so new a sport there, and partly because the country is hostile to dogs. "They don't survive long here," said Amière. "Snakes and leopards take their toll—old rhu will pad right on into camp and past a fire to snag a dog out of your tent, and the first you'll know of it is next morning when you find leopard pugmarks in the ashes. Ticks and leeches are even worse. A leech up a dog's nostril will finish him slower but just as final as any leopard."

The following morning was devoted to sandgrouse—the black-faced sandgrouse, to be specific, *Eremolopha decoratus* in Latin, *Awalo* in Swahili and tricky to hit in any language, it is a bird whose flight patterns closely resemble the North American white-winged dove, a favorite target of bird shooters in the U.S. Southwest. "Ah, yes," mused Amière as he jounced the Land Rover toward the shooting ground. "*E. decoratus*—a splendid fellow. Love him dearly. I do. Resident in the arid and semiarid regions of East Africa from Somalia to central Tanganyika, he and his lady friends often form small flocks when fighting to water in the early morning and late afternoon."

The site of this morning's shoot was a stagnant water hole in the midst of a high, rolling thorn plain southwest of Amière's camp. Bands of impala and waterbuck, plus a few rare, exotically marked ruan antelope, stared as Amière wheeled up. A resident flock of guinea fowl doubtless alerted to the morbid intentions of their visitors by word from the coffee *shamba*, legged it into the weeds with dispatch. Amière studied the sign on the water hole's mucky margin. "A cow rhino and her calf," he remarked with fatherly pride. "They've been around now for a couple of weeks." The tracks of a serval cat, a bushbuck, a duiker or two, and a trio of splay-foot poachers filled out the list of natural graffiti that caught Amière's eye. Then the sandgrouse began arriving, flying low and erratic against the first sunlight. "Let a few of them drop down to have a drink," Amière whispered. "That will bring the rest of them in. They'll fight for about an hour, and with luck we should have plenty of shooting—enough to stuffen up the snaws and summon up the ear doctor, I reckon."

—Richard

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Unlike the clumsy but rugged *kowas* of yesterday, these birds were graceful, frail and gymnastic on the wing. No single flight of sandgrouse followed the same approach to the water. Individuals shifted position amid the formation with disdainful aplomb, demanding the utmost concentration on the part of the shooter. Each squadron took two or three turns of the water hole before setting its wings for the low, swift touchdown run, and it became quickly evident that the most sporting shot was during one of these overflights, when the birds were from 20 to 50 yards high. Anière reserved his ammo for these shots, shaking his head sadly when he missed (not often) and grinning his hahoon face when he scored. The gun barrels quickly grew scorching hot, and the banks were littered with empty shell cases—all of which were later retrieved, unlike one of the birds, which fell in the water hole and never drifted ashore. "One more reason for a good gundog," moped Anière. "Damn, how I hate to lose something I've killed. It compounds the crime, what?"

That night, the sinews were stiffened all right, and the ears still rang from the blast of uncounted shots—a whole skeet season of shotgun shells expended in a single morning. But the safari props were once again in place and all was cool, particularly the beer. "You begin to wonder about the concept of 'bug game,'" Anière mused as the hippos munched. "Like so many concepts in the Western world, magnitude has become more important in our type of hunting than fun. I expect that if you could breed a 3,000-pound sandgrouse, there would be millionaires by the hundred winging their way here from New York and Cleveland and Los Angeles to have a go at them. Ha! And many of them would miss—just as they miss the big tuskers and lions and buffalo they blast away at." The campfire played its light show on the tidy tents, and a hyena uttered its strange, vocal cry over the discovery of something rotten and edible at the edge of camp—probably bird guts. Anière continued: "But there is a bigness to small game as well, particularly birds. They are fast and they are plenty. And not a one of them gives you the same shot twice in a row." He took a long pull from his beer. "Blasé them!"

END

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Purring along with the cats

All it takes is the proper little puff of breeze and a Hobie Cat will stand up on one hull, hiking higher and higher until the sailor is perched six feet above the water. Because they are a romantic bunch, Hobie helmsmen call this maneuver "dancing on the edge," and because they get carried away by it, they occasionally dance up there a touch too long—until the cat slowly rolls sail down into the water. Ker-splash, end of maneuver. Since this new racing class was introduced three years ago the image has grown of Hobie Cats skittering about

recklessly over rough, toiling waters.

That notion was repaired last week at the Hobie Cat 14 National Championships. True, an occasional hull rose sparkling from the water, but for the most part there they were: 119 sailors from 22 states, all calmly crisscrossing the unruffled surface of Tampa Bay. And when it was all over, the Hobies, fastest-growing class of any American production model, were at last established as one of the more versatile new boats in the business.

After four days of wafting around the

48 different courses laid out on the bay, the title went to 17-year-old Richard Loufek of Camarillo, Calif., a crafty youth sensible enough to keep both hulls as firmly in the water as possible in the eight- to 10-knot puffs.

This new proof of the more sedate sailing qualities of his catamaran was important to bemused, tousel surfboard builder Hobie Alter, who designed the boat and created that original wave-jumping image. Alter's first name is really Hobart, but he figures, with indisputable logic, that no one "would want to buy a boat called a *Hobart* Cat." Though he is only 38, Alter is steadfastly referred to as "our leader" among the Hobie Cat set, and his name was plastered on every available surface, from jackets to shirts to sails to posters around Apollo Beach.

Alter's success story is purest Americana, West Coast diversion. Once a knockabout surfer at California's Dana Point, he took to building and selling his own surfboards at a time when they were most in demand, becoming a reluctant tycoon with no time left for surfing. In 1965 he became "so stoked" while sailing with a friend on a 600-pound cat "that I went right home and started building tons of little scale models." By July of 1968 his own first Hobie Cat was ready: 14 feet long and 225 pounds. He sold 100 by that Christmas at \$1,000 each. Next season the first national championship was staged in San Diego, and Alter's new firm, Coast Catamaran, grossed \$750,000. Sales boomed to \$2.8 million in 1970 and this year had hit more than \$3 million by September.

Last week, sailing the finished third in his own invention and pacing around the beach, watching the affair like a big daddy, Alter outlined his hope for the new image. "This boat sort of started out as a flying surfboard," he said. "I had been sailing it in nine- and 10-foot waves off Dana Point, and the first posters and pictures of the boat

continued

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These AccuCircuits control most set functions, so most repairs can be done in your home more quickly and easily. **Brightest, sharpest color in RCA history.**

Every XL-100 console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube for vivid, lifelike color. You get color that won't shift or fade even after hours of continuous viewing. And you get that vivid color and sound the instant you turn the set on.



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XL-100's advanced tuning system makes color tuning virtually foolproof! Even if the kids fiddle with the color dials, you just press a button and beautiful color snaps back, because XL-100 features AccuMatic, RCA's automatic color monitor that locks color within a normal range.

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Here are the basic provisions of our XL-100 "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty ("PS" for short). If anything

NCES XL-100



Designed for Extended Life!

goes wrong with your new set within a year from the day you buy it, and it's our fault, we'll pay your repair bill—both parts and complete labor. You can use any service shop in which you have confidence—you don't have to pick from some special authorized list.

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If your picture tube becomes defective

during the first two years we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation, during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) In short, the warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.



RCA

XL-100

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showed the thing really taking off from the top of a wave and there was a lot of talk about flying the boat."

The reputation didn't hard. Nearly every cat owner at Tampa appeared to have been sold by the idea of a flying sailing boat, even folks from such surfless spots as Ohio and Iowa. But big waves aside, there was no doubt about its speed. In August at the Pacific Multihull Association's championship in Los Angeles, a Hobie Cat 14 was clocked officially at 23.2 miles per hour.

"I can drive mine over 15 miles an hour—then catch a wave going the same speed and reach 30 before I take off into midair and just about break the sound barrier," said Daytona entrant Gaudin Reed, a tanned 53-year-old enthusiast. Reed bought his cat two years ago, then sold his marina and retired in what one suspects is a cause-and-effect relationship. He had sailed a bit over the years. "But every boat I tried was so slow that I couldn't get interested," he said. Then Hobie Alter drove by the marina one September day with a drimantled cat lashed atop his car. Reed took one look at the knifelike hulls and growled, "Lord, I've got to see it go." It was a 45° day, rainy and cold—but they sailed for nearly an hour, enough to convert Reed on the spot. Nowadays, he routinely goes Hobie Catting in the surf, though he warns that "you really have to know sailing to risk it—especially if you get hit sideways."

A lot of the Hobie Cat's speed lies in the lightness of the boat. All up and down the Tampa beach, wary youngsters were pushing the cats in and out of the water unvisited, a stunt that is all but impossible for most other sailboats. A lot of monohulls have keels, of course, and can't be taken ashore at all, others, and most catamarans, have centerboards to deal with and rudders that are tough to lift free. But without centerboards and with two plastic rudders that swing up automatically when beaching, the Hobie Cats can be pushed about like toys. Afloat in a foot of water, they're ready to fly.

There was not much chance for flying in Tampa's eight-knot breezes, but the competition made the most out of those few extra puffs, knowing that if they did get the boats cater-wompos they were particularly easy to right.

"There is no real danger," said Alter. "The sense of danger is an illusion built into the boat to provide someone with a natural high."

Alter has been on the trail of natural highs all his life, first as a downhill skier, then a surfer and most recently as a motorcyclist. He pointed to his knees, just healing and scarring after a spill from his Husky 360. "Motorcycling is danger enough," he said. "As for flying my own plane, well, that's no illusion, the danger there is real. The only way you can fly is safely—and I don't like that. You can't fool around while flying. If I thought that I could crash and walk away laughing, it would be all right."

"Best kind of sailing," he said, "is when all boats are identical as possible and it's the man who wins or loses." It takes a lot of identical boats to make a class, he allowed. "and that's why we're pushing the one-design regatta theme in American sailing. We've held more than 200 so far in 1971. Two years ago, at the Atlanta Boat Show, a dealer told me, 'Hey, you get a class going and we'll buy.' And I told him, 'You buy and I'll get the class going.'"

Well, the class is going now, and currently there are more Hobie Cats under sail than any of the six official Olympic classes. And anyone can win on a given



RIGGED FOR ACTION, DESIGNER HOBIE ALTER SPEEDS FORWARD—INTO THIRD PLACE

But in sailing you can clown around a bit and still be safe."

Alter comes on with a world-weary, growly Lee Marvin sort of voice audible all along Apollo Beach. He showed up for the races wearing a pool-hall-type eyeshade with his hair tumbling out the top. Under that he wore wraparound dark glasses and a cigarette in the middle of his mouth and, finally, ragtag bits and pieces of a wet suit: rubber socks, one rubber sleeve and rolled-up pants legs.

For the championship, Alter's Coast Catamaran had crated and shipped 60 of its boats to Tampa for those entries who couldn't ship in their own, and Hobie had looked over the crates and then decided, "I'll take a gold and white one."

day. "Last year I sailed in one regatta," Alter rasped, "and all the guys in it were 60 years old. And I came in 11th. In my own boat I knew the boat, all right, but they knew the local conditions."

At Tampa the range was even wider. Forty-three years separated the oldest and youngest entrant, the latter a 10-year-old girl. Loufek won three of the eight races, each set up for some 4½ miles around varied courses. There was plenty of glory, but even better, some new hardware to mark his triumph. One award, the Hobie Cat Perpetual Trophy, is a brass model of a Hobie Cat. Really a nice-looking, solid little rascal. Seems a shame that he'll never get one hull up on it.

END

The long and the Shorter of it

That's Frank Shorter (right), who won the national championship

A cross-country race, even a national championship cross-country race, has too much of a deliberate, cerebral quality ever to be a big deal in the U.S. In Europe the season lasts from November to March, large and knowledgeable crowds turn out to watch and a national title event can draw a field of up to 1,500 starters. Here, however, the sport has traditionally been that short, quiet interlude between the serious stuff that goes on outdoors in the spring and summer and the circuits that are held indoors each winter. The distance runners are logging all those long, long training runs designed to build strength 10 ways and the races serve merely as a pleasant diversion and a chance to check one's progress.

At the National AAU championship the single tangible reward is a trip to compete in the New Year's Eve race in São Paulo, Brazil and so the pressure is low, low, low. Which at least for most of the runners makes the race fun, fun, fun. One result is that the starting fields are growing so big that this year the meet sponsors were hard put to dredge up a course large enough to contain the mob.

In this respect, cross-country may be on the verge of a popularity breakthrough, and the surprising size of the starting field may explain why at last week's meet near San Diego a strong pre-race favorite, Ken Moore, a former champion and a seasoned performer who runs for the Oregon Track Club, lost his head and finished sixth while Frank Shorter, the defending champion, kept his and romped to victory by 150 yards. He defeated second-place finisher Steve Stageberg and an assortment of 280



other half-milers, milers, steeplechasers, distance runners and marathon specialists that even included, at least for a while, world mile record holder Jim Ryan. He did it with the nonchalance that may become a Shorter trademark in the Olympic year to come. And he had other things on his mind.

"I'm not too concerned about this race because cross-country is not all that important," said Shorter, a Yale graduate who is studying law at the University of Florida and who competes for the Florida Track Club. "It's probably important that our club wins the team title, but what I'm really aiming at is a marathon next week in Japan."

The organizers, however, were concerned when the entrants began to pile in. "It became sort of an odyssey to find a suitable course," says Ken Bernard, the manager of a reinforcing-steel firm and president of the San Diego Track Club. "We'd originally counted on using Balboa Park in the middle of town, but the park department paved over the walking paths, which made it

impossible for the runners to wear spikes, and the place was too cramped anyway. So were the other cross-country courses around here. Strictly dual meet stuff. We lost a running battle with the city to get one of the golf courses."

What they finally got was a trail pounded into the dirt on a plateau in the hilly north of town—a barren stretch of gray-brown wilderness virtually unmarked by a bush, a tree or even a refreshing green blade of grass.

"It looks like something out of 2001," said Ken Moore in his second-floor room at the Holiday Inn. "A stark, barren plain with nothing but this motel jutting out of the horizon. Typically California plastic. Obviously, they must think that cross-country runners are all simple, Spartan ascetics and this kind of place is where we'll feel at home."

The loop that Moore could only barely discern through the early-morning haze started as a pie-shaped segment that funneled down after 285 yards to a throat 40 feet wide and a dirt path, heavily watered by sprinkler tracks and hordered

by stakes and yellow plastic rope, that veered slightly off to the right. After some nine-tenths of a mile the trail dropped into a slight hollow, rose gradually for 200 yards and then headed back toward the start. The roughly two-mile loop was to be negotiated three times with an extra 365 yards tacked on to round out the race's official distance of 10,000 meters.

At breakfast Moore worried about the crowded start he knew would come and about how Shorter, whom he considers a strong hill runner, would use the rise to further his own cause. "Ordinarily I could figure on staying back and out-kicking Frank," he said, spooning up oatmeal, "but it's dangerous to lay back in such a crowd. I've also been getting ready for that marathon in Japan, so I haven't done the kind of training you need for a fast six miles. What I'll look for is for Frank to try and break away going up that hill for the second time and try to stay with him. If he doesn't I'll feel a lot better. I'll know he's tired."

By the time that moment came later in the day it was Moore who was tired, to the point of exhaustion. On the curved starting line the Oregon Track Club had been placed in almost the exact center. At the starter's signal Moore moved away smoothly, but after about 60 yards he suddenly became aware that the runners to the left of him and the runners to the right of him were surging ahead and closing down toward the narrow entrance to the trail proper, which loomed like the jaws of a hungry alligator. Alarmed at the prospect of being swallowed while Shorter pulled blithely away out front, Moore spurred.

"I saw this corridor open up just in front and I thought it best to take advantage," Moore said later. "That was what started me off. I shot up with the leaders much too soon and when I heard a mile time of 4:20 I was appalled at how fast we'd been going. Losing was my own damned fault. I disintegrated in the last three miles and finished up full of lactic acid, feeling bilious and horrible, hitting and kicking myself for running such a stupid race while Frank was being so smart."

Shorter's smart move was to bide his time and go through the first, fast mile as a comfortable seven seconds back of Moore and the other early leaders.

"As usual everyone went out like cra-

zy," Shorter said. "I was in about 100th place after 200 yards, but then everyone proved to be very nice. As I moved up through the crowd I'd say, 'Excuse me, can I get by?' and everyone would move over. In Europe they'd probably have knocked me down and kicked me in the teeth. By the end of the first mile I'd worked my way up to about 15th and from there on I settled into my steady race pace, pushing myself just as hard as I thought would keep me going to the finish."

A disappointing no-show, especially to Shorter, was Oregon's humpstair Steve Prefontaine, who had successfully defended his NCAA title in Knoxville earlier in the week and said he felt too sore to run at San Diego. "Most of us are now friendly and relaxed with each other," said Shorter, "but not Prefontaine. He's a throwback to the old school who thought they had to be cocky and combative. I could have really gotten psyched up trying to beat him."

A dismayed midrace dropout was Jim Ryun, although 10,000-meter cross-country races are not exactly his forte. Ryun has left the pollen-clogged air of Eugene, Ore. where he was subjected to seizures of asthma and hay fever, and has settled in Santa Barbara, where he works as an industrial photographer for Raytheon. Ryun was distressed by the news that his infant daughter had sprung a 105° fever that morning. Plagued as well by an upset stomach, he left the course after 2½ miles.

"Up until now it's been a great fall for me," he said, shuffling off through the dust to find a digestively soothing Coke, "but I guess I'll have to get in a good six-miler some other time."

Shorter finished in 29:19, easing up. Four of his clubmates came in not long after to give Florida the team title as well. Shorter's time was one of the fastest ever run in the national championships, possibly a harbinger of good times to come in Japan, Brazil, even Munich, so Moore was not overly despondent. "Sixth place wasn't bad under the circumstances," he said philosophically. "If I could be so stupid and still finish so well at least shows I'm in good physical shape."

And second place wasn't bad for Stageberg. He won the trip to São Paulo. As defending champion in that race, too, Shorter already had an invite. **END**

Brut for Men.

If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
try
something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut by Fabergé.



Minnesota Viking fans are a hardy, chest-beating lot. They like to eat and booze it up a lot. They do it in the Metropolitan Stadium parking lot. Frozen noses and toeses is their lot.

Pigskins preceded by pâté on asphalt

Snow flurries swirled across the pavement, the temperature stalled at 9° and those hardy Minnesota Viking fans were arriving for last season's game with the Chicago Bears. The kickoff was still three hours off, but Minnesotans, remember, are positively mad about fresh air. Not content to simply cheer their team on, they accordingly celebrate every home game, whatever the weather, with a bacchanalian feast in the Metropolitan Stadium parking lot. In this snorgashord on asphalt, the football is part of a hero sandwich: the festivities start in the morning and end well past dark, with the game hurried in the middle.

An exercise in that old football-going custom known as tailgating, only done on a Paul Bunyan scale, the party in the parking lot is an occasion for some Viking fans to play cards on picnic tables, others to break out portable TV sets and watch football games being

played elsewhere and everybody to fill up on great quantities of food and drink. Of the 48,000-plus who attend Minnesota games, as many as 10,000 have tailgated at a time, a phenomenon that prompts St. Paul radio station KSTP to conduct its pregame grandstand quarterback interviews not in the grandstand, but in the parking lot. "There just isn't anybody in the stands until kickoff," Jim Ramshurg, KSTP's programming manager, explains. Adds another radio man, "Everybody's outside getting buzzed up."

Emerging the stadium like covered wagons around a campfire, the crowds arrive not just in the usual cars and station wagons, but in every kind of mobile home and camper, plus a couple of buses painted in Viking purple. Cold as it was at the Bears game, small knots of celebrants abandoned the warmth of their vehicles, the better to attend to their barbecue grills and portable stoves.

And when the weather is balmy, as during the tropical 26° of last month's game with San Francisco, the crush of tailgaters gives Metropolitan Stadium, looming on the horizon in the Minneapolis suburb of Bloomington, an epic *War and Peace* quality.

Everybody is dressed for warmth, but there is room for such fashion flourishes as silver-lume face masks, and Viking snowmobiling suits advertised in Twin Cities stores as "purple people warmers." Dressed in all their quilted and thermally insulated glories, people move stiffly about like so many windup toys, their drinks (or "antifreeze," as somebody in every group insists on putting it) clinking in mittened hands and their faces frozen in a beatific glow no doubt caused in part by the sublime satisfaction of not having to worry about the ice cubes melting.

If the affair has the atmosphere of an Arctic street fair, the food is prepared with a care worthy of a Pillsbury bake-off. For the 49ers game, the Elks Club of Hopkins, Minn. bused 200 delegates to a state Elks conference into the parking lot for a pregame snack. Instead of chicken-salad sandwiches they devoured 250 pounds of buffalo roasted on a spit by a white-capped chef. Not far away, 150 tailgaters in less stood around consuming pineapples, salmon in aspic, coconuts and rum punch, everything going down the hatch to the sounds of Ta-tan-tan drum chains issuing from a loud-speaker. As palm fronds, part of the decorations, rustled in the raw air, co-host John Han, an officer in a Minneapolis hookerage firm, allowed, "I guess there's getting to be a lot of oncupmanship involved in all this."

Without doubt the most ambitious of the tailgaters to date is a group of 26 fans who call themselves the Guzzling Gourmets. Before this season's Chicago game, they dressed their womenfolk in monk stoles, set their table with can-



GUZZLING GOURMETS DINE ON CHICKEN NEWBURG, OFF LIMOGES, OUTSIDE STADIUM

continued

Today this Holiday Inn made 463 businessmen a little more efficient.

"Front desk." "This is Phil May in 1827. I'd like to rent a car this afternoon and... oh... could I get a quick press from your valet service?"

"If it's important, call me. Otherwise leave a message at the switchboard. It's open all night."

"Why don't we go for a quick dip in the pool, then up to the restaurant for a nice, juicy steak?"

"Relax, Pete. I'll run down the hall and get the ice."

"Don't worry about cash, Frank. Just charge your bill on one of your credit cards."

"Well, Jim, if you stayed here, you would have avoided the ticket. Holiday Inns have free parking."

"Room Service." "This is Bill Lane in 819. I'd like five ham and cheese on rye... hold the mustard."

"Yes, Mr. Hayes, we have your room all ready. And they're expecting you in meeting room C on the second floor."

Of all the hotel, motel and motor-lodge systems around, only Holiday Inn can offer you *all* of the services and conveniences mentioned above, in over 1,300 locations around the world.

That makes Holiday Inn a little more efficient than the rest of the crowd. And if we're more efficient, it's easier for you to be, too.

It's something to think about before your next business trip.

The most accommodating people in the world.



WE HAVE PLE

We cordially invite you to get under Vega's skin. Because while we have plenty to hide, we definitely don't have anything to blush about.

What you'll find under Vega's very stylish shell is a lot of little car. More car than we really had to build.

That's just the way we do things.

You being the careful type, we here-with offer substantiation.

The thing that makes it go.

There's nothing like a paragraph or two of technical talk to scare readers away.

So we'll try to discuss this thing in down-to-earth terms.

OK, Vega's engine looks a whole lot like a car engine. But believe us, it's a breakthrough. Thanks

to a very complicated but very clever process. Vega's engine is the envy of the little car world.

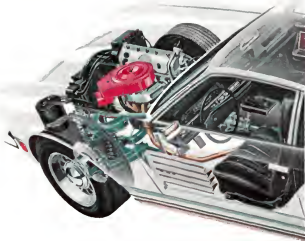
Why? Because it has enough power to forge confidently ahead, even on fast-moving freeways and long steep hills. And because it's amazingly quiet for a little car engine. And because in our highway tests, it's getting about 25 mpg (that's the standard engine, with the standard transmission).

Let us just add that, true to Chevy tradition, we think this engine will become a classic. It's that good.

Oh what a lovely door.

Take a gander at the see-through door below. See that corrugated piece of steel? That's what we in the trade call a side guard door beam.

We put those beams in every door of



Chevrolet. Building a better way

NTY TO HIDE.

every Vega we build for added protection. Of course, we hope our door beams will never have to come in handy. But if they have to, they will.

More hidden treasures.

Again, we direct your attention to our see-through Vega.

Notice the seats. Ah, those seats. Carved out of foam. And quite possibly the most comfortable seats you'll ever find in a little car. Even a little sports car.

And the brakes. Big ten-inch discs in front, standard.

But we didn't stop there. We put two roofs on the Vega. For stronger construction, and to make it even quieter.

Vega also has a power ventilation system. Air moves through the car, even when

it's standing still.

Another thing. Vega has an electric fuel pump, hidden in the gas tank, for smoother gas flow.

And, well, we could go on for hours.

The moral.

Now, we realize that you're not going to rush out and buy a Vega just because it has power ventilation. Or an electric fuel pump.

But, if you add everything all together, we think you'll find that Vega is the best little car on the American road today. Bar none.

Don't take our word for it, though. Go drive one. Maybe you can't see all of Vega's advantages.

But you can feel them.



to see the U.S.A.

On his last hunt, Major Hocum smoked a cigarette stamped with his family crest.

Now everybody will be smoking cigarettes stamped with their own family crest

...almost everybody.



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(But then, they don't try to be.)



delabra, Limoges china and mum centerpieces, then sat down for an eight-course dinner. The mushrooms stuffed with *pâté de foie gras* were exquisite, the breast of chicken in ham Newburg sauce divine, the peaches in champagne scrumptious and the after-dinner cigars just right for putting gentlemen in the proper frame of mind for football. That may seem like a difficult act to follow, but the Guzzling Gourmets topped it when two of their number got the bright idea of getting married in the Met Stadium parking lot before the 49er game.

"Anybody can get married in a church or justice of the peace's office," the bride, a 27-year-old blond underwriter named Caryl Meyer, enthused on her wedding day as exhaust fumes mingled with the odors of food. With the stadium as backdrop and a Minneapolis judge performing the double-ring ceremony, Caryl stepped out of a Winnebago camper and into holy wedlock with Bill Caughy, a 37-year-old bartender. Following a wedding feast of steamed lobster and three varieties of oysters, Caryl shed her coat and white-knit bridal midthread, put on long underwear and heavy sweaters and hurried into the stadium to watch the Vikings lose 13-9.

That left the bridegroom in the company of the many happy tailgaters who simply don't make the opening kickoff. Caughy relaxed in the camper, sipping Scotch and listening to the game on radio. "I don't like to sit out in the cold the way Caryl does," he said. Nonetheless, he finally made it to his seat.

Although Viking fans obviously need no inducements, tailgating has been actively encouraged by promotion-minded Twin City Federal, a savings-and-loan firm that is offering a prize of two expenses-paid Super Bowl trips to whoever prepares the most mouth-watering meal in the parking lot this season. In the same spirit, *The Minneapolis Star* prints weekly tailgating recipes for such delicacies as avocado soup and then dispatches a couple of staffers in the stadium to ladle out free samples. So far the paper has avoided the fate of a group of car dealers who, or so legend has it, used the parking lot a few years ago to entertain their salesmen and simultaneously show off their new station wagons. Everything went as planned until the salesmen got into a spirited game of football on the pavement—tackle, not

touch—that ended with one of them suffering a broken jaw and another being hauled away by Bloomington police.

All this has enabled Minnesota to supplant Green Bay as the undisputed tailgating champion of the NFL. Until four years ago, Minnesota law prohibited bars and restaurants from serving liquor on Sunday—which made the parking lot as good a place as any to whoop it up. Some fans also found tailgating a way to interest their wives in attending the games. Another explanation was offered by a suburban St. Paul cattle salesman named Connie Olson as he relaxed with friends in his camper long after the final gun had sounded in one game.

Olson and his guests had just finished a huge steak dinner and, in the gathering darkness, dying embers from the charcoal grill glowed on the pavement outside. "When you leave late like this, you beat the traffic," Olson said as Bing Crosby's *White Christmas* sounded over a portable radio. Of course, if Olson and others like him stay much later to avoid traffic following Sunday-afternoon games, they'll have to start worrying about the Monday-morning rush hour.

Its usefulness in easing traffic is one reason Bloomington police give for tolerating tailgating, although it remains a matter of interpretation whether the drinking that goes on is legal or not. The stadium—and the parking lot—come under the jurisdiction of a commission representing the cities of Minneapolis, Richfield and Bloomington, and the drinking question all but unravels the stadium manager, an ex-FBI man named William H. Williams. Approached by a reporter awhile back, Williams refused to discuss tailgating unless his visitor promised not to write anything to suggest that anybody touches a drop. "We don't want the WCTU or somebody on our backs," he said.

As a consequence the official attitude is decidedly ambivalent. On the one hand, when the Viking management offered earlier this season to provide portable toilets in the parking lot, something that would have pleased many fans, Williams flatly refused. On the other hand, he and everybody else in Bloomington recognize only too well that Metropolitan Stadium, the home of the Minnesota Twins, is not really suited for football, and that tailgating is helping to keep the Vikings there.

There has been talk of a new domed stadium in downtown Minneapolis to house the Vikings, and the University of Minnesota would love to land the pro team as a tenant in its 56,652-seat football stadium. But neither the automobile ramps contemplated for the downtown stadium nor the university's widely scattered parking areas would be nearly as suitable for partying as Metropolitan Stadium's sprawling lot. Admitting that this is an important consideration in any move the club might take, Viking General Manager Jim Finks says, "Tailgating is half the fun these people get from going to the games."

For many of the fans the fun seems to increase the colder the weather gets, something no doubt explained by the same chest-heating instincts that have moved Bud Grant, the Viking coach, to prohibit his players from using hand warmers or wearing gloves on the sidelines. One expression of northwoods machismo was the party that Chang Johnson, a Minneapolis contractor who attends games in Norseman headgear, threw last year on the back of a 60-foot semitrailer, with music provided by a country-western band. Green Bay was the opponent, and it was so cold during the game that a number of fans tried to warm up by sneaking into the stadium beer cooler. Instead of going home afterward, 350 people swarmed aboard Johnson's truck, including Jim Klobuchar, a Minneapolis columnist, who reported breathlessly: "I got kissed five times and ate three passing corned-beef sandwiches without taking my hands out of my pockets."

With the phenomenon showing no signs of subsiding, the parking lot has become a meeting place for everybody but the Viking front four—who meet at the quarterback. The effect tailgating has had on the life of Keith Hopper, a Minnesota State College Board aide, sounds like something that Ann Landers might want to pass along to the lonelyhearts in her audience. It seems that Hopper, an Oklahoman who moved to Minnesota five years ago, had difficulty meeting people until he took up tailgating. "It's been quite a social outlet," Hopper says. He moves today in a wide circle of friends that includes a retired grocer, a chemist, a mattress salesman and a cattleman. He met them all in the Metropolitan Stadium parking lot.

END

Smirnoff, appropriately enough, was the sponsor of the world pro-am, because—as the man said—if you can't see it, smell it or taste it

... you can always surf on it

One golden afternoon last week an 18-year-old student from South Africa and a 23-year-old expatriate Californian held a three-second, \$1,500 business conference on the breaking crest of a wind-spummed, 12-foot wave off Oahu's north shore. The South African, Gavin Rudolph, was a few feet east of Billy Hamilton and closer to the curl and hence had the right-of-way under surfing rules. Yet the wave was of such dimension that Hamilton hesitated to surrender it, nor was he obligated to do so if he felt he could keep out of Rudolph's way. "I said, 'Please, please, Billy, give me this wave,'" Rudolph remembered later. "And Billy did. It won for me." Hamilton recalled the exchange a little differently. "When we both got up there, I said, 'Gavin, do you really want this wave?' and Gavin said [here Hamilton mimicked Rudolph's precise English], 'Yes, Billy, I am going to take this wave. This is my wave.' So I kicked out, and even when I did it I was saying to myself, 'I just gave him first money.'"

And so he had. Young Rudolph, who, except for Dr. Rick Grigg, the balding oceanographer, was the only really short-haired surfer in a field of 42 professionals, rode the great wave back and forth, across the shoulder and back into the curl, out again and back again, at times almost seeming to work it, in the manner of a matador with an intractable bull. And as the wave subsided, Chief Judge George Casady exclaimed, "I've just awarded a surfer 20 points for the second time in my life." That perfect performance, coupled with his heat and semifinal showings, won Rudolph the \$2,500 first prize in the third Smirnoff World Pro-Am Surfing Championship at Sunset Beach. Billy Hamilton, who got into the tournament as an alternate, finished second and got \$1,100.

All day long the pros had battled

through seven six-man heats, two seven-man semis and, finally, the eight-man final in a surf that built up from eight to 12 feet. The sets were so close together that a wave often broke over the one ahead of it, and an offshore wind that gusted to 25 mph sometimes blew the surfers right off the crests. There were many wipeouts, and most of the competitors had reason to recall Rick Grigg's warning: "Occasionally you may be down 10 to 15 seconds in a wipeout. The limit can't be more than 20 seconds. Anything over that and . . . aloha!"

Despite the big surf, no one was injured or even half-drowned, and when the meet ended many of the entrants went back out for pleasure trips. All of them would have argued with the old California vintner who once grumbled about vodka. "If you can't see it and you can't taste it and you can't smell it, what good is it?" The wave riders' response: "You can always surf on it."

It seems unlikely that any competition in any sport for a purse of \$6,000—the richest in surfing history—ever was conducted under less commercial conditions. People who think the Hambletonian at Du Quoin is hucolic should try Sunset. Imagine a world championship event in which neither the time nor the place are decided until the morning of the first day, and in which the only consideration is the test offered the competitors. Any-one stumbling on Sunset in the course of the tournament might well have thought at first glance that the Smirnoff was a Far Far West convention of the Woodstock Nation.

Sunset Beach lies nearly 50 miles north of Honolulu, just beyond the equally celebrated Banzai Pipeline. It is not a park—there is only a gleaming expanse of sand, a scrubby ridge that parallels it to mark the high-tide line, a sandy gully separating the ridge from the bumpy

two-lane highway, and beyond the highway a scattering of cottages and the first bluffs of the Koolau Mountains. Sunset has no parking or seating facilities, no toilets and no souvenir shops.

The lack of amenities in no way diminished an estimated 8,000 surfers and surfer families, hippies and hippie families, and long-haired local families who surged in and out of Sunset throughout the day, hasking on the sand or clustering on the roofs of dilapidated automobiles. Admission was absolutely free—Heublein, Inc., Smirnoff's parent, sends money but does not collect it.

The uniform of the day was skin. In the crisp early morning most spectators wore T-shirts (no North Shore colonist would be caught dead in an aloha shirt), but as the beach warmed the shirts came off, disclosing an array of bikinis calculated to leave any girl watcher as breathless as a shot of . . . yeah, the sponsor.

An extraordinary aura of peace lay over the scene. The surfers, hippies, locals, were all whistle clean, their long, sun-bleached hair blowing attractively in the wind, and they kept the beach immaculate. No horns were blown. No fights broke out. The only grass detectable by eye or nose was the green carpet on the Koolau bluffs. Nobody got drunk. Although there was no luncheon break, about noon a small band of hippies rolled two psychedelically emblazoned lunch wagons onto the sand near the highway and proffered homemade candy, wheat germ and carrot sandwiches. The name on the second wagon was a bit unsettling—"The Last Supper Diner."

In many ways the Smirnoff resembled an old-fashioned family picnic—almost, but not quite, in the Garden of Eden. Two families were particularly in evidence: the Aikau and the Blears. The Aikaus, of whom there seemed to be dozens, all somehow perched on the roof and hood of an ancient Ford Falcon just behind the judging area to cheer on the two Aikau sons, Eddie and Clyde, both of whom reached the final, Lord James Blears was even more visible. Blears, a magisterial Englishman and ex-wrestler, now promotes the weekly wrestling shows at Honolulu's civic auditorium. He was the Smirnoff commentator, and a good one. His son Jim, a goofy-footer (surferese for southpaw) who hates Sunset because he must go to the right, facing the curl of the wave, nonetheless finished fifth in one semi, just



EDDIE AIKAU, WHO FINISHED IN FIFTH PLACE AMONG THE PROS, IS OF SPANISH-PORTUGUESE-CHINESE-ENGLISH-HAWAIIAN EXTRACTION

missing the finals. Jim's pretty 20-year-old sister Laura had been posted as first alternate for the professional championship, the only woman ever so honored, but she slipped away to compete in the women's amateur instead. "I'd like to try it—I think," Laura said, "but there are better surfers here hoping to get in, and I don't think it would help Women's Lib or me if I were the one to keep them out."

Everybody in the Blears family surfs—the Lord placed fourth in the men's senior amateur, Laura took fourth in the women's division and another son, Clinton, took second in the boys' bracket. But, his *loahapua*? As one longtime Honolulu resident remarked: "With all the Hawaiians and Hapa-Hawaiians here claiming royal descent, who's going to question his title?"

Given the relaxed atmosphere of the crowd and the legendary individuality of surfers, the contest might easily have degenerated into a happy shambles but for Blears' commanding commentary and the take-charge efficiency of Fred Hemmings Jr., a former world champion who served as meet director. In the first Smirnoff, held at Santa Cruz, Calif. in 1959, confusion was compounded to the point where Corky Carroll, a cheerful California cafe singer who was eliminated in the seventh heat at Sunset, won

the final by moonlight. Last year it took three days and a 100-mile trip to Makaha to run off the Smirnoff. This time Hemmings, the grateful recipient of almost perfect surf on the first day of the contest, was determined to make it a one-day event, and he did.

Although there were many sportsmanlike gestures comparable to Billy Hamilton's—but no others so costly—the desire for money overcame the surfing ethic (man against wave, not man against man) in a few competitors. Midway through the hour-long final, Craig (Owl) Chapman came ashore after two wipe-outs in a state of fury. "These guys are supposed to be my friends, and they took my waves!" he fumed. Chapman thus learned the answer to what might be called the \$2,500 question. He also missed out on a free trip to the South African Championships next June. Rudolph, of course, will be there waiting.

The expense-paid visits, which went to the first six finishers, are the not inconsiderable achievement of Ronald Sorrell, an Olympic volleyball player and a surfer since 1939. A Honolulu stockbroker, Sorrell was instrumental in forming IPSA—the International Professional Surfers Association—in 1968 and is now commissioner of an organization that has 70-odd members scattered through Japan, Australia, New Zealand,

Peru, Great Britain, South Africa and, in the U.S., California, the Eastern Seaboard and Hawaii. All of the entrants in the Smirnoff—the majority from Hawaii, but eight from California, four from South Africa, two from Australia and one each from Peru and Japan—were members of IPSA, which sanctioned the meet. Those from overseas scrambled to Hawaii on their own. Smirnoff's purse not only was the richest ever but the most widely distributed. Heat winners got \$100 apiece, semifinal winners \$150, and in the finals prizes ranged from Rudolph's \$2,650 (\$150 extra for amassing the most points) down to \$75.

After he had been thoroughly kissed by Miss Smirnoff, a busty blonde model from Los Angeles named Nikki Morrison, Rudolph shyly signed autographs and accepted congratulations. (Asked what she does when she is not being Miss Smirnoff, Miss Morrison said, "I just kinda stand around.") "I had expected to go back and look for a job," he said, "but now I will stay a while and surf some more. I do not have to get a job so soon." Rudolph's home is in Port Elizabeth where his father is a retired supermarket operator. Upon leaving, Rudolph was asked whether there were waves like Sunset's in South Africa. "Oh, no," he said. "When I came out here today I was scared!" **END**

The Grail Still Swims in the Yu Yum Lagoon

No sacrifice was too great, stated these zealous knights of the table round (or any other shape), as they sallied forth onto the teeming flats of the Yucotán Peninsula in quest of the elusive permit. The only trouble, as King Art and his men of oching arms decided when it was too late, was that they had neglected to select a person of sufficient stature for the sacrifice

by Clive Gammon

Half-asleep still, I watched a tiny, mad regatta. Miniature sails heeled over on a dozen contrary courses, a glinting confusion caught in the thin early-morning sun. It was an illusion of the lagoons, naturally. Normal sense of distance and size had wobbled and melted in the haze. I blinked, and the translucent sails clicked back into true scale, becoming the high tail fins of head-down bonefish, foraging at the edge of the mangroves. Preoccupied, gluttonous bonefish, all lined up for me. I eased the bail of the spinning reel down and started to swing the hermit-crab bait back and forth in smooth arcs, judging the distance.

"Let's go!" Art said, brutally wrecking my concentration. The bait flew high, smacking down into the center of the school of bonefish and they scattered. Rosalito, the guide, gave one of his short giggles and started to pole us out toward open water again. Art must have had a pang of conscience. "They'll be there all day, those bonefish," he said. "We'll have an hour at them on the way home." I laid my rod down carefully in the stern of the skiff. I well knew how useless it was to argue with a fisherman whose obsession was as far advanced as Art's. Impatiently, like a gourmet dealing with a dull hors d'oeuvre before they bring in the roast goose à la mode du Périgord, he had taken and released three bonefish while I fumbled around. And now he could wait no longer. Out there on the wide, ginger ale-colored flats in the sun-dappled shallow water swam the real object of his quest, the ultimately desirable permit.

continued



Thomas B. Allen

THE GRAIL

continued

He had shown me a picture of one before the expedition left New York: a high-foreheaded, slab-sided fish with the pursed mouth of a discontented duchess. And I had listened entranced as he spoke of its matchless speed and strength and cunning, the rare skills and insights required for its capture, remembering as I did something I had read long ago in an English fishing book about an entirely different species.

"A true record of the life of an habitual carp fisher would be a book to set beside De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, a book of taut nerves, of hallucinations, of a hypnotic state, of visions, Japanese in character, of great, blunt-headed golden fish in golden spray, curving in the air under sprays of weeping willow and then the rare moments when this long-drawn-out tautness of expectation is resolved into a frenzy

of action. . . ." American anglers don't rate carp very highly, I'm told, but Art was speaking of the permit in the same way that English carp fishermen talk of their personal grail, recounting the many blank hours with pride, the glimpses and brief encounters vouchsafed to them, the hopes, tinged with a wry self-deprecation, of the future. Like them, Art was a devout grail seeker.

This, frankly, I found surprising. We British have a very precise notion of American anglers and the way they fish. Any member of, let's say, the Yorkshire Flyfishers' Club will tell you that 90% of fishing in the United States is carried on by men in loud tartan shirts and white cowboy hats who catch huge rainbow trout while standing up in canoes that are in sharp danger of being whirled through fearsome rapids. The other 10% spend their time in gorgeously equipped

sport-fishermen sipping exotic drinks in the intervals of fighting 1,000-pound billfish. This vision has been fostered by long exposure to what can only be described as American fishing pornography from Zane Grey and his heirs, the kind of story that begins, "Half a ton of fighting fury grabbed my orange-plastic seven-legged electronic Creepy-Crawler and erupted skyward. . . ."

To a people which believes in its heart that for real fishing you have to put on three sweaters and a full set of oilskins, this sort of stuff is as unsettling as *Funny Hill*, and the reaction is somewhat similar. Either you start trying to borrow the air fare or you mutter, "Disgusting, ought to be banned, thank God that the old colonial never lived to see this day."

Already, though, I was willing to bet that Art would not appear on the permit flats in a cowboy hat, that our expedition would be as ritualistic, as dedicated, as quietly intent as any I had known at home. And when our full party assembled in New York for the trip south, it was clear that the sense of mission was strong. As the city fell away below us, it didn't seem too farfetched to think of a parallel: the small group of armed riders leaving the towers and feasts of Camelot in search of something more pure and real. Art and Roy, full-fledged knights with much grail or permit seeking behind them. Bob and I, just squires for the moment but living in hopes of winning our spurs.

As the plane moved south I read, quietly, about permit and the camp down at Pez Maya on the Yucatán Peninsula where we would spend the next dedicated days. "The backwaters of the Yu Yum Laguna are fed by the Caribbean through the exciting inlet of Río Boca Paña," said the handout. "These waters are shallow and crystal clear and are teeming with bonefish and permit. . . ." The Yu Yum Laguna, eh? Teeming, eh? Hardcore pornography, of course, but I read on, fascinated.

I will slide lightly over our night in Miami, the hours frittered from our quest at a restaurant named Joe's Stone Crab, the curious loss of edge in the morning that prevented us from properly appreciating the jolly battle for luggage at Cozumel airport, our first landfall in Mexico. Even Sir Gawain didn't locate the Green Knight without falling by the wayside once or twice.



But as soon as we had clambered into the little Cessna that was going to take us to Pez Maya, redecoration asserted itself. We climbed high over Cozumel and the docks with the cruise ships lying offshore, and then there was nothing but brilliant blue sea and dark patterns of underwater reefs until the hazy Yucatán mainland began to be defined as surf beach and low, dense jungle. We picked up the coast and followed it down; and the pilot pointed out the gray and formidable ruin of a Mayan temple standing clear of the mesquite.

"Could we take a few hours off fishing to see that one afternoon?" Bob asked.

"I'd like to do that, too," I said. You could tell we were the junior members of the party. Art and Roy were not concerned to answer this foolishness. Obviously, this was to be a quest for fish, and Mayan temples were not on the schedule.

And then we were losing height, dipping toward a vast complex of lagoons just ruffled with a little wind. A long brown shape slid along in the water, then boiled away with a tail flick as the shadow of the Cessna fell across it. It could only have been a shark. "Did you say we have to wade these shallows?" asked Bob, saying what I was thinking.

"Yes, it's more fun to wade," said Art dreamily, coming out of his trance as we started our run-in to Pez Maya's sandy strip. The sharks probably thought so, too, I reasoned silently. The Yum-Yum Lagoon, did they call it? The name sounded sinisterly replete.

On the ground, about 800 small Mexicans whisked our gear away. Roy and Art had us swiftly processed through lunch and by 2:30 we were down at the boca, the small tidal pass that feeds the vast backwaters of the lagoon. The skiffs were drawn up ready there, and Rosalito also was laughing. Rosalito, guide henceforward to Art and me. "This is going to be all eye work to begin with," Art said. "We've really got to stalk those permit. . ."

Rosalito picked up the last word. Smiling gaily he said, "*Permit no bueno.*" He pointed to the sun, adding classically, "*Mulona.*" The permit question being settled, he opened the motor up and we bated through a maze of mangrove-lined channels until we hit open water where, plain in our Polaroids, a small bomber-sized hole appeared in the shallows.



low. Close to it, he plopped in the anchor and looked at us encouragingly "Fish away!" his expression said.

Looking like a man who had been invited for the salmon fishing and instead has been given a hand line and told to catch a few eels, Art reluctantly set up his gear, tying on a small pink jig. Not very clear as to what we were about to do, I followed suit, following him also when he flicked his lure the full 20 yards across the hole, let it sink and then retrieved it in jerks. On maybe the 17th cast, something small connected itself with Art's jig. He feigned it splashing to the surface as Rosalito, a guide justified, giggled happily. "A jack, how nice," said Art, thinly. He made the international fishing gesture to Rosalito which means, "We shift ground, now, now, now!" Nodding agreeably, pleased that he had found sport for us, Rosalito hauled the anchor, started the motor and took us to another lovely hole, just like the first.

"When does the stalking and the eye work start?" I asked Art.

"*Mulona,*" he said, a little tight-lipped I thought.

We didn't catch anything in the second hole, but a big barracuda came up and leered at us for a while. Naively excited, I turned to grab the spare rod in the stern, the heavy one armed with a big plug. "Leave it," Art said, as one who addresses an eager but imperfectly trained gundog. "That's there in case we see any tarpon." I came to heel, putting it down carefully. I hadn't realized that barracuda were quite so positively beneath contempt.

With the potential of hole No. 2 exhausted, Rosalito showed every sign of wanting to go to a third. Art cut this plan short. "Pez Maya!" he said definitively, pointing to where the orange tower of the fishing camp showed above the trees. We buzzed back, executing a high-speed turn as we passed Roy and Bob wading on the flats near camp, sending them a good-sized wave to liven up their fishing. Roy had something small on a fly rod, but it didn't look as if any lightning furies were hurling them-

CONTINUED

THE GRAIL

continued

selves skyward in their sector either.

Back at the bar, though, the afternoon was quickly dismissed as unimportant, a mere pipe-opener. With as efficient a mastery of fishing alibis as I have encountered anywhere in the world, Roy explained that the sun was the wrong way and the wind was the wrong way and the tide wasn't right. At this point we were joined by a hearty, burly, bronzed man bearing a striking resemblance to the mature Julius Caesar. He lost little time in telling us that he had taken 18 bonefish that afternoon. Bob and I, inexperienced fellows, began to congratulate him. Art was made of sterner stuff.

"Any permit?" he said, chancing everything on the single throw, subtly implying that bonefish catching was really for junior anglers.

The imperial-looking gentleman, who now introduced himself as Mr. Jones, had to concede that no permit had come his way. Art relaxed and listened indulgently to many tales of other fishing

exploits that Mr. Jones had to offer before we excused ourselves for an early dinner and an early night. Tomorrow was going to be the Day of the Permit. It was essential that we be well rested.

I did not sleep well, though. Around four a.m., strange, strangled cries had come from Art's corner of the cottage. The psychological pressures of permit-seeking were to blame, I suggested to him kindly at breakfast time. He ignored this, choosing instead to bluntly accuse me of snoring.

Indulgently, however, he was willing to allow an hour to be spent on the bonefish trail before the serious grail seeking started, negligently catching a few as I struggled to accustom myself to the newness of the fishing and to overcome my incapacitating attack of bonefish fever as hundreds of them, on every quarter, showed at the edges of the mangroves. Word has trickled through to Britain about this species, but the impression we have is of single, very shy fish approached with infinite difficulty. It wasn't

a bit like that at Pex Maya. Battalions of bonefish, regiments, whole divisions, sported in the shallows. I reckoned I just had the measure of the casting when Art, the permit lust overtaking him, issued sailing orders.

So the gay regatta of waving bonefish tails faded behind us as Rosalito started up the motor and we roared off into the Yu Yum water maze, threading the channels at high speed for half an hour until the mangroves opened out again and we were in the mysterious, permit-haunted waters that Art's heart longed for. Rosalito cut the motor and took up his pole. With loving care, Art put a fresh hermit crab on his hook and assumed a position in the bow. We slid along through the shallows while birds from a hallucination—flamingoes, roseate spoonbills, pelicans—got up from the mangrove tangles and slowly flapped away across the sun. Huge mushrooms of sand burst up from the bottom as rays swam laboriously out of our path. A flurry of fish broke surface

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away to our right and I started. "Mullet," said Rosalito dispassionately. "He says it's only mullet," Art translated. The slow rhythm of the poling, the gentle surging through the water, lulled me again. A pair of ospreys soared, the sun rose higher. Barracuda hung like arrows just under the surface. And Rosalito, even without Polaroids, saw the quarry first.

"Per-mer, per-mer," he gave out, in a kind of quiet yell. Art in the bow took up a crouched, sumo wrestler's stance. It was a curious phenomenon when I eventually picked it out. A long, thin, black sickle of fin, weaving and swaying out of the water as if something beneath was manipulating it like a clumsy puppet. Art crouched lower still, and I checked the bail on my reel, picking the line up ready on my forefinger. Rosalito poled on silently. The crazy black sickle came nearer, almost within range.

Art's tension shimmered around him almost visibly. Ten more seconds and the fish would be in range. Then Rosa-

lito's high giggle rang out. "Spooked!" he burbled happily. A broad arrow of water accelerated rapidly away to our left. Art slowly creaked upright. "They nearly always spook," he said. But Rosalito was already yelling "Per-mer!" again and poling purposefully in another direction. This time I saw the black fin straightaway. And then beyond it another group of fins in a comic ballet. Suddenly I realized that there were permit everywhere.

Rosalito selected one he could approach from upwind, and this time we sailed right within range. Art's hermit crab whistled past my ear and plopped somewhere in the water. I allowed what I thought was a decent pause, then sent mine after it. An anguished cry came from Art, and he teetered dangerously forward. "He was just going to grab it when your butt hit him on the tail!" he yelled.

"I was aiming at the other end of him," I said, perhaps lamely. Art climbed down from the bow.

"From now on," he said, in a curious controlled voice, "let's take turns casting to the fish."

That morning we probably saw as many permit as any two anglers in the history of the sport. We approached them endlessly from every direction. We sneaked up on them from the cover of mangroves. Rosalito's happy cry of "Spooked! spooked!" rang out regularly over the flats. Occasionally we got close enough to make one a serious offer. Each time our tired-looking hermit crabs were ignored. We let them lie still. We twitched them. We drew them slowly away.

The permit didn't care. The sun came up high over our heads, then started to wester, so that we had to pole into it with the wind. And the permit sightings came to an end. "Pez Maya?" asked Art, suddenly breaking. "Pez Maya," I said.

Mr. Jones was waiting for us in the bar. "Any permit?" he asked knowingly. You couldn't grudge him his moment. Art heaved himself onto a stool and

continued

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THE GRAIL

FORWARDED

looked stoical. "Must have seen more than 100 fish," he began. But before he had to reveal all, Bob and Roy came in.

"We went south," said Roy tragically, "and fished in a big hole. Just in this big hole."

"Any permit?" said Mr. Jones from his position of strength.

"And our guide, he *can't pole*," Roy went on, ignoring him. "He kept putting us into the mangroves."

"We saw maybe 100 permit," Art said, clearly feeling a little better at this news. Rosalito might be a giggler, but he could certainly pole. Our prospects of first grab at the grail had improved significantly.

"How many did you get?" asked Jones without remorse.

"So far," said Art evasively, "we're just feeling our way. Ask us again tomorrow."

Twenty-four hours later he was undoubtedly regretting this invitation which Jones had certainly not forgotten. He was there, savoring his first whiskey of the evening as we came ashore from our day's effort. Art bought a little time ordering, but he finally had to turn and face the challenge.

Actually, no, he had to confess. We'd sighted plenty of fish again, but no takers. "Tell me," said Art, gallantly shifting to the offensive again, "are those hermit crab the *only* bait you can get around here? Because they are totally ineffective. No life, no movement, no attraction."

"Totally, totally ineffective," I agreed, taking a self-righteous pull at my tequila. The disappointments of the day began to soften under its benign influence. We listened courteously to Jones' account of the six, or 16, or 60 jack he had taken that morning at the boca. More soothing tequila was ordered, obtained, consumed, and it was some time before we realized that there was no sign yet of Bob and Roy. In both our minds the fearful suspicion arose that they might have been held up *by* catching fish. Neither of us expressed the repugnant thought.

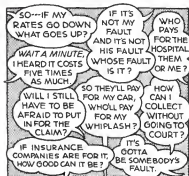
"Onboard trouble," I offered tentatively.

"It's that guide," said Art. "Must have poled them right into the mangroves and couldn't get out again."

Jones abruptly ended this hope. "They got a new guide this morning," he said. "Antonio. Best man in Pez Maya." More

continued

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THE GRAIL

continued

tequila came, but it had lost its tranquilizing power. Restlessly, Art left his stool and walked down to the shore to look for the missing anglers. He was back in five minutes, drumming his fingers on the bar. "No sign," he said.

"Maybe one of them is into a good fish," Jones suggested crudely. This time I got up and walked down to the landing place. No sighting, but I could hear a dim motor noise.

We awaited them in silence. When they hove in sight, Boh could be seen waving a frantic greeting. Roy sat in the bow, calmly smiling. Suddenly I had a clear perception of how the other knights at Camelot felt about that bloody Galahad character.

Because the grail had been achieved, and more than the grail. Not only, it turned out, had Roy caught and released two permit, he had also fought and conquered a tarpon, or *fla*. This fish was borne majestically to the weighing station where a large number of locals, in their evitable Latin way, yelled congratulations. I looked at Art. Silently, resignedly, we went for our cameras. "What did you get the permit on?" Art was able to ask eventually.

"A white wiggie ju," said Roy. "And a hermit crab."

There was a ceremonial weighing-in on a pair of rusty scales someone found in the storeroom. Fifty pounds, said the scales. Obviously the scales were off. Roy went over and shook them, but the indicator stayed where it was. Still, the camp manager was ecstatic. The tarpon was the largest fish that had been caught there, which explains why Antonio had cleverly managed to misunderstand Roy's instructions to release it unharmed. "Tonight comes the *governador* of the province to visit us," the manager bubbled. "He will be delighted to see this. Now he will stop those men coming from Merida and dynamiting the fish."

Neither Art nor I dawdled around when there is a fresh alibi in sight.

"I ain been bombed, hey?" he said.

"No wonder the permit spook so easily," I supported him.

"Permanently in trauma," he said. "Roy must have hit on two just arrived from the open sea."

That night, while the governor, his aides and their ladies stood laughing gaily at the bar, we sat drinking again. "Might just stay on for another few

rows and

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THE GRAB.

continued

days," Roy was saying. Boh, though still fishless, thought he might also. At least he'd actually seen a permit turn and pick up a crab. It was always possible that one would do the same for him.

Art gloomily swirled the ice in his glass. "Let's have some excitement," I said. "All we have to do is shout, 'Death to the gobernador!'" A very tiny Mexican, whose main function, it seemed, was to change our ashtray as soon as a single butt rested in it, and who was now engaged in this very task, looked up sharply. He was about 14 years old, I reckoned him, and everybody called him Mini.

"Don't stir it up," Art told me. At the same time, though, he was looking at Mini with a new interest.

"Remember that old Mayan temple we saw?" he said, I caught his drift instantly. The long flight of stone steps. The flat altar at the top.

"You need a full moon," I said. Art mimed the sharpening of a long knife and treated Mini to a ferocious grin. The little waiter smiled nervously and made off with the used ashtray.

"Under IGA rules," said Roy, "permit caught as a result of human sacrifice do not count."

"Not even in Yucatan?" I asked.

"*Apetziflén* in Yucatan," said Roy. "It makes it all too easy."

"What happened to that first guide you had?" Art asked sharply. "I haven't seen him around since yesterday afternoon."

That night the others went to bed early again. Boh, albeit vicariously, was as fulfilled and satisfied as Roy. Art and I sat up late, moodily criticizing the dress sense of the *gobernadoras*' ladies, the guitarists brought in to honor the occasion, the conch cocktail, the veal, the coffee.

"Listen," I said eventually, "why don't we give some time to the bonafish tomorrow?"

"It's our last day," said Art. "Our last chance to catch a permit. We can't give up now. What we'll do, we'll make an early start tomorrow. We'll get out there at first light and hit them hard!" You have to admire the resolution of the man.

In the morning we were up before any of the others, except Mini, who poured coffee and changed ashtrays for us on the terrace. At the boca we waited impatiently for Rosalita until we sighted him giggling his way through

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THE GRAIL

continued

the palms. "Today per-met, hey?" said Art. "Not another. Today?"

"Moshu," agreed Rosalito happily.

We forged out for our last trip, oblivious of the roseate spoonbills and the ospreys. As we swung past them, I sent a lingering regretful look at the bone-fish flats, but I knew it was no use to mention them. Art was wearing his grail-hunter's expression again.

The permit were as elusive as ever. The fins showed up exasperatingly all over the shallows, but the result was always the same. Either they spooked or we covered them with no result.

"The water's just too shallow," Art said despairingly. "If we could only hit them at longer range." He fumbled in his tackle box and pulled out a leaded pink waggie jig, heavier than anything we'd used before, and adorned it with a big hermit crab. "Now I should have the extra distance," he said, "so long as the splash doesn't bother them." It was his turn up in the bow, and we poled on until another black suckle hove in sight. Art got down into his firing position, as tense as he had been on the very first session. He was breathing hard now, trying to judge the precise moment when the permit would be barely within range. The moment came. The rod slashed over hard—and the tip popped out of its ferrule, went hurtling across the water like a javelin and finally came to rest more or less where the permit had been a couple of seconds before. Slowly, eloquently, Art straightened his back. He said nothing.

"Harpooning," I told him, "is outside the code of sport-fishermen in England." I heard a funny noise behind me. Rosalito was doubled over in a rictus of snorting giggles. Art recovered the rod tip and sat down, still silent. I began to realize what they mean by the expression "the dark night of the soul."

We poled on. Rosalito still handicapped by frame-wrenching, uncontrollable laughter. Art retired amidships, still silent, while I replaced him in the bow until such time as I had effectively fouled up the next permit opportunity. By then Rosalito's spasm had eased off to occasional gurgles and Art's old resilience was showing up again.

I knew he was fully recovered when he said, suddenly, "We've been going about this all wrong. The water's just too shallow to allow us to approach by boat. Wading, careful wading, is the an-

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THE GRAIL

Continued

swet." Painstakingly he conveyed his intentions to Rosalito, who finally understood but seemed to have reservations which he could not properly express. However, when next we came upon a gaggle of permit, he held the boat steady for Art to slip over the side.

At once we realized what Rosalito's reservations were. The bottom was soft marl, and Art was knee-deep in it. He made a few laborious steps forward, but it was no use. He turned back to the boat again and began to clamber aboard.

It doesn't happen as often as you would think. In a lifetime of angling, I have only gone twice into the water myself and have seen it happen to other anglers on no more than half a dozen occasions. So it was a rich and rare experience now to see Art grasp the gunwale and draw the skiff over him like a blanket so that, gently and slowly, he underwent total immersion. It was a classic dip. Like a mud man from New Guinea, Art rose again, covered in white marl, and I helped him aboard, knowing that I could expect no assistance from Rosalito, who was whimpering and squealing so hysterically that I feared for his health.

It took a good half hour to recover from this latest trauma, and, as time ran out on us, I would have taken heavy odds that our permit quest was over, especially since the supply of fish seemed to have run out. "Nada, nada!" said Rosalito, peering professionally across the flats. Nothing. He poled out to the deeps again, then started the motor to find another permit zone.

We were a long time finding a fish, and when we did it was my turn to cast. By now it seemed to me that all we were doing was carrying out some curious, formal rite. As in an African tribal dance in which there is much gesturing and thrusting with spears but no real killing, we went through the actions of poling up to fish and offering the bait in a kind of symbolic way that never ended with one being hooked.

So on this final pass, the 50th or 60th time I had gone through the motions, I expected no more than the permit spooking off or, at best, ignoring the bait. But miraculously, as my crab plopped into the water a few feet away from the unattainable creature, it turned and swam purposefully toward it.

A small choir of angels burst into song and cherubim trumpeted all over the lagoon. "He's going to take it!" I choked,

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THE GRAIL

continued

and then, praise the Lord, my line was screaming off the reel and Art was on his feet yelling, "Keep the rod high! Keep the rod high!"

"Everything is under control," I told him, an acute trembling seizing my knees. I calmed down sufficiently to glance around. No hazards. No trailing mangroves near enough to bother me. If the hook hold was good, this permit was mine.

The pace of the run slackened, and tentatively I started to feel for the fish, dropping my finger down onto the edge of the spool to brake it a little. I increased the modest pressure slightly. Yes, I could turn him now!

He turned, in fact, somewhat more easily than I would have expected. I put some more pressure on. The fish answered with a short run that died quickly. So this was one of these celebrated permit, eh? The boys at home were quite right. Ah, but the way these American anglers build up a species out of all proportion. Confidently, I gave the fish the full power of the rod.

And as I brought the fish easily to the skiff, taking its full weight for the first time, an awful suspicion began to dawn on me, a suspicion confirmed when I saw the first small flash of silver close to the boat.

"Is bonefish," giggled Rosalito.

I don't know how it happened. I still firmly believe that the permit had every intention of taking my bait. But what ancient, malicious, unpropitiated Mayan god had induced a small bonefish to slide in and grab it from beneath the permit's nose I shall never know.

I brought the ill-omened thing to the side of the skiff, and Art netted it. It was the first time he had smiled since his baptism in the Yu Yum. "You wanted a bonefish, didn't you?" he said. "Let's go to Pez Maya," I said. "Please. Immediately." He didn't argue.

Mr. Jones was wasting there, of course.

"Get a permit?" he asked.
"Yes," I said defiantly. "Only it was disguised as a bonefish."

"Roy got another permit this morning," he said. "And Bob got a bonefish."

I turned to Art. "The trouble with us," I told him, "is that we have these absurd scruples. There's nothing to match a fine facsimile of Julius Caesar as a suitable human sacrifice. I reckon we missed our chance last night."

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When Football Went to War

The seasons of 1942-45 turned the game upside down, creating new juggernauts and decimating some old ones by CHARLES EINSTEIN

If you think Tattletale Gray was a Confederate spy, it must mean that you do not remember the advertising slogans of 30 years ago, which might be just as well. It could mean, too, that you do not remember other amenities of that era, like the state of college football during World War II, which might also be just as well.

Actually, the wartime college game in America was played at two levels, one a kind of enforced de-emphasis among the colleges and universities, and the other—far closer to the collegiate game as it had been known up till then—among teams representing various Army, Navy and Marine installations. Some colleges had servicemen on campus, assigned to such military curricula as the V-12 program, who were eligible for football, and a good number of service teams were infused by recent college stars. The NCAA tried to keep the two categories separate in its record, but it was a doomed effort.

For one thing, many college teams played against service teams. For another, the two strongest "service" eleven, Army and Navy, had always been classified as colleges. Besides, individual players who competed in October in college ranks—for, say, Yale—had a way of turning up in November on the El Toro Mammies. At least one player, a Rutgers guard named Bernstein, pulled his civilian-to-military switch in mid-contest, sprinting from the field during the Lehigh game, showering, dressing and departing just in time to show up for a 6 p.m. induction at Fort Dix.

Military orders caused other players to switch from college to college. A Duke tackle named Ellis was transferred to North Carolina just in time for the Duke game. Bill Daley, a promising Minnesota fullback, helped the Michigan V-12 team bury the Gophers in 1943. One Big Ten player recalls, "It seemed like no matter who we were playing that Saturday,

the coach always gave us the same program instructions: 'Watch out for Elroy Huseh.'"

There was nothing so refined as a player draft among the service branches: it seemed to be a case of getting there first with the induction notice. Some colleges suffered fearfully. From an established football power, Fordham turned almost overnight to a state of puniness, to the point where, at the LSU game in 1942, even the drum major fell down. Other colleges had it even worse. Some went over to six-man football. Others gave up the sport entirely. Georgetown quit the game upon discovering that not a single member of its 1942 varsity or freshman squads would be on hand for the 1943 season. Nearly 200 colleges in all abandoned the sport in 1943. Those that persevered had their troubles, too. In the course of one season, Penn State lost 24 varsity players.

In contrast, the service teams could depend on a steady flow of manpower—all of it fit and, perhaps more remarkable for the time, all about the right age. Many pure college teams were fielding aggregations of 16-year-olds, and Utah State, according to an archive in the Helms Hall of Fame, had a 1944 team that included a guard named Anderson who was 35. That may not have been the record. Michigan had two players, both with the same surname, who in the judgment of one suspicious researcher were father and son.

But it was chiefly in the area of recruiting high school talent that the services had all the best of it. There was no such thing as a college deferment from the service, unless it was enrollment in a military program at a university one of the V-12 or preflight plans. And so the stories of midnight visitations by recruiters—military recruiters—were legend. One example of this used to be offered by the late Hooks Mylin in the form of an afterdinner talk. Mylin was

the coach at Lafayette, in Easton, Pa., in the peacetime season of 1940 and he had his eye on a hot prospect, a senior at the local high school. "Naturally, everybody wanted him to go to Lafayette," Mylin recounted, "but every time a train stopped in town a different coach got off. Frank Thomas of Alabama would arrive on one train, Elmer Layden of Notre Dame on the next. Notre Dame had the inside track because the boy was Catholic."

Undaunted, Mylin called a meeting with the parish priest and the university administration, and it was agreed that to keep the prospect Lafayette would put in a special course of Catholic instruction. The season ended, and Mylin, confident and content, left for a vacation. Shortly afterward he received a frantic call from Easton. Princeton had been to town, had painted the church and taken the boy. They enrolled him in the Peddie School at Hightstown, N.J. for additional finishing, and he was there when the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. The night afterward there was a rap on the lad's dormitory door. There stood two uniformed emissaries. "Do you want to be drafted or do you want to play for Army?" they inquired. The boy decided to go to West Point.

For Earl (Red) Blaik, the Army coach, the years 1943-45 were golden. He had the pick of the nation's collegiate talent, and he made the most of it. Besides Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard, he had such stars as Quarterback Arnold Tucker, End Barney Poole and Tackle Tex Culer. So rich was the West Point crop that Blaik fielded two separate units, and Army fattened up on its former tormentors. In fact, one observer called 1944 Army's "year of retribution." Notre Dame, which had not lost to Army since 1931 and which had not let Army score a point since 1938, was ground under 59-0 Penn, unbeaten in the four previous Army encounters, went down 62-7. Pitt was smashed 69-7, and Villanova 83-0. Navy and Duke, which had a naval program going, were the only opponents to keep the score reasonably close. Navy lost 23-7 on a last-quarter flurry, and Duke kept it to 27-7.

Football, of course, was not the only sport that appealed to the jock general officer. Harold Patrick Reiser had a medical history that made it impossible for him to get into the armed forces—until a smart induction officer realized this

was Pistol Pete Reiser, the baseball player. Now it was impossible for him to get out. He was sent to Fort Riley, which had 17 major-leaguers on its 1944 baseball squad. "I was up for discharge five times," Reiser told Bill Heinz after the war, "and each time something happened." Tennis star Bobby Riggs, meanwhile, was stationed with the Navy in Hawaii, and an admiral there assigned him to a special mission. "The mission," Riggs recollected, "was to improve the admiral's backhand."

But football was preeminently the game that went to war, as did the men who coached it. Minnesota's Bernie Bierman, as wartime director of athletics at Iowa Pre-Flight, insisted that every cadet participate in football training "climaxed by a full scrimmage session." It goes without saying that Iowa Pre-Flight was one of the biggest among the wartime service teams. So were Great Lakes Naval Training under Paul Brown, North Carolina Pre-Flight under Glenn Killinger, and the El Toro Marines, coached by Dick Hanley, formerly of Northwestern.

There were to be only three seasons of feast (for the services) or famine (for the colleges) before the universities began to get back on their feet for the 1945 season. By that time only two of the great wartime service squads were still up to muster. Indeed, one of them, the Fleet City (Calif.) Bluejackets, may have been the greatest football team ever to take the field anywhere up to that time. It says enough to point out that Buddy Young, the future star at Illinois, was not a starting halfback. About 60,000 people in Los Angeles' Memorial Coliseum watched Fleet City play the El Toro Marines, which starred Elroy Hirsch. Edgar (Doc) Greene, then a marine, recalled what it was like.

With the Marine team leading 18-14, Greene recalled, Hanley assembled the squad in the locker room at halftime and studied each face silently. Finally he asked, "Who is the stupidest man here?" His gaze continued around the room. One of his tackles raised his hand. "Are you the stupidest man here?" Hanley asked.

"Yes, Coach," the tackle intoned. "Then I'll talk to you," Hanley said, "because if you can understand me, then everybody can understand me."

"Yes, Coach," the player said. "O.K.," said Hanley. "Now they have

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Went to War *(continued)*

one guy on this other team. Except for him, we're doing all right. But they put him in every once in a while to catch a punt or a kickoff."

"Yes, Coach," the tackle said. "You can't miss him," Hanley continued. "Little colored guy. Number 77. Named Young."

"Yes, Coach," the tackle said. "Now, we don't want to kick the ball to him, do we?" the coach asked.

"No, Coach."

"Then get out there and kill them in the second half!" Hanley concluded with a shout. And they all went roaring off the tunnel, lined up and kicked off for the second half. The ball, of course, went straight to Young, who ran it back 99 yards for a touchdown. Coach Hanley, understandably, was disappointed.

"On the sidelines," Greene recalled, "you could see him, stripping off his uniform item by item, slamming each garment to the ground and jumping up and down on it."

If one were to suggest that the thrust of wartime service football was largely Navy, one would be absolutely right. More nearly correct would be to say that, except for West Point, the thrust of all wartime football, both collegiate and service, was Navy, for pure college teams were fed by on-campus naval training programs—a luxury in which the Army seldom indulged. Colleges rose or fell in proportion to their share of Navy activity, and the Big Six among the service teams—El Toro, North Carolina Pre-Flight, Fleet City, Great Lakes, Iowa Pre-Flight and Bambridge Naval Training—all were from the seafaring service. Here and there an Army or Army Air Corps team surfaced briefly, but in the crunch of wartime they were the expendables. One rule facilitated things for footballers who joined Navy programs: they were permitted to play intercollegiate football, while the Army allowed no such extracurricular exertions.

This prompted much rhapsodizing among naval officials. "Football! Navy! War!" wrote Coach Tom Hamilton. "At no time in history have these words been more entwined and intermeshed than they are now." From a former director of athletics at Annapolis, Admiral James H. Ingram, came the observation that "the closest thing to war in time of peace is football."

The supposed benefits of the game as a preparation for combat were, of course,

used by Army people, too, but the pagans of the MacArthur and Eisenhower were less frequent. And only rarely did there arise such a comment as that contributed by Lou Little at Columbia. "Let's be open-minded about this," he wrote at the time. "Not even the most zealous of football men will assert that only the men who have played football are good soldiers. That would be silly, of course. The Russians, who have done so magnificent a job of fighting in this war, don't play football, so far as I am aware, save for some soccer, and that is not generally. The same is true of another valiant ally, the Chinese. In England they play the rugby game that was the parent of American football, but hardly recognizable as a relative of our sport now."

The Germans didn't play American football either, with one notable exception. At a prisoner-of-war camp in Kentucky in 1944 an effort was made to teach the game to the captive Panzers. "What you must do," they were told, "is to tackle the man with the ball." And so, with appropriate Teutonic verve, all 21 of them—the 11 guys on the opposing team, plus his 10 teammates—tackled the guy with the ball. (At the University of Chicago, incidentally, they had abandoned football in 1939, but the stadium—Stagg Field—had remained. Instead of playing football there, the site was used to develop the world's first atomic pile in anticipation of the atomic bomb.)

Yet another aspect to the football-as-bulldozer-of-warriors concept came from Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, whose memoirs cited Tom Hamilton's companion of football and war, and expressed agreement with the analogy. Hamilton had evoked in applauding America's "foremost to punt and hide time for a scoring opportunity."

No doubt the rigors of football did help equip many men for combat, but there was one player named Swanson at Bucknell whose varsity career could scarcely have done him much good. He became eligible for football on a Monday, played in a game the following Saturday and was transferred out on the following Wednesday. Though he is by no means the last player to have given up sport for the duration, it does appear that in inducing the abortive Bucknellian, wartime football had done a Swanson.

END

the Swing era



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It was also the golden age of youthful transportation—
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and reminder for the knowledgeable and the uninitiated alike: The 64-page, hard-bound "Where Swing Came From" will bring you many affectionate chuckles for bygone styles and remembered pleasures. The book will certainly bring back the once-in-a-lifetime glamor of those Big Bands when they tilted the Paramount and Roseland, and stomped at the Savoy.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE GAME

Sirs:

How could you talk about Oklahoma-Nehru as "This Year's Game of the Decade" (Nov. 22) without previewing the other Game of the Decade played the same week? This year's Alabama-Auburn meeting must certainly go down as one of those dream matchups.

And of course the Sugar and Orange Bowls with this year's Big Four (Michigan who?) create two more Games of the Decade.

MIKE WILLY

Montgomery, Ala.

Sirs:

On Jan. 1, 1971, mighty Texas (10-0) met (and lost to) Notre Dame (9-1) in the Cotton Bowl. In what was certainly the most publicized of the bowl games, Notre Dame had indeed suffered that single, damning defeat, but it had come more at the hands of fate and the climate than at those of the Texans of Southern Cal. At any rate, the existence of the grudge-match atmosphere in Dallas, resulting from a Texas victory a year earlier, and the Longhorns' 30-game winning streak surely made it a classic battle in the strictest sense.

JOHN D. HUELL

Bay Village, Ohio

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins listed 25 college football games that were supposedly the most publicized before and after they were played. But how could he leave out either the 1969 or 1970 Ohio State-Michigan games? These two teams are consistently among the best, and their rivalry is something that results in nothing but the best and most "animalistic" football in the country.

STEVE MITCHELL

Kent, Ohio

Sirs:

In 1960 Iowa, under Forest Evashevski, was rated No. 1 going into the game against No. 2 Minnesota, coached by Murray Warmath. Minnesota won 27-10. Minnesota finished the season as No. 1 while Iowa wound up No. 2. The national championship definitely rode on the outcome of that game.

GARY M. WILSON

Rothsay, Minn.

Sirs:

You left out the 1959 Penn State-Syracuse game. Syracuse, after all, went on to be national champion that year. Had the Orangemen lost, Penn State could have been No. 1. Both were unbeaten at the time.

JOHN HALLER

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sirs:

Unfortunately, SI overlooked one of the greatest college football games ever. It was played on the state of Oklahoma's 50th birthday, Nov. 16, 1957, in Norman. On that beautiful afternoon the Sooners executed many successful goal-line stands, but one failed. Notre Dame won 7-0, thereby ending the longest winning streak (147) in the history of major college football.

RUSSELL D. SHIPLEY

Houston

Sirs:

One of the best Games of the Decade would have been the Jan. 1, 1955 Rose Bowl game between Ohio State and UCLA. One finished first in the AP poll, the other first in the UPI ratings. Both were undefeated and untied. But, of course, due to the absurd non-repeat rule for the Rose Bowl, they never met.

DANIEL D. MARCHIE

Los Angeles

Sirs:

In reading your list of 25 of the most publicized games ever played in college football, it is of more than passing interest to note that only seven of these were played at post-season bowls. Eighteen, or 72%, were regular-season contests.

I think this again points out the need for the NCAA to consider an annual national championship game matching the two top-rated teams as of the end of regular-season play. It is my opinion that such a game would generate more interest and publicity than any other sports event in this country, including the Super Bowl and World Series.

WILLIAM E. STAHLER

Associate Director of Development
Franklin and Marshall College

Lancaster, Pa.

THE HAT

Sirs:

Although the Crone family and friends insist I use that scurrilous Mr. George Plimpton for what they feel is a scandalous article about my nephew, Eric Crone, 19, Harvard, I realize that Mayberry Fitzgerald caught him in the act (*And the Curious Facts About Another "The Game,"* Nov. 22). However, some of the facts were incorrect, and I would like to set them straight.

Under separate cover I am mailing The Hat involved in the Game—not a Dobbs, size 7½, as reported, but a Cavanaugh, 7½ with the initials R.E.C.

After reading Mayberry Fitzgerald's article, my nephew Eric decided to dispatch the Yales early in the 1971 contest and Harvard won 35-16. He thereby averted a sec-

ond end-zone caper and escaped George Plimpton's incredible investigative powers.

ROBERT E. CRONE
(Uncle Ben)

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

THE ISSUE

Sirs:

Thanks to Frank Deford for pressing for a moratorium on the most overused sports cliché of all time (*Time for All Good Men*, Nov. 22). To hear Dandy Don Meredith speak anthropomorphically about good ol' Mo Menzies (who swatched jerseys six times in the recent St. Louis-San Diego game), one would suspect that the MVP race has already been sewn up and the boys in Canton, Ohio are just waiting to retire his number if only Mo would stick with one number for a whole quarter or so?

MICHAEL J. CONNELLEY

East Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

Now that Frank Deford has generated the momentum for the anti-Momentum movement, may I suggest that all anti-Momentum agitators send their voluminous petitions, signed or unsigned, to Howard Cosell, c/o Monday Night Clubhouse. Maybe he'll moment 'em.

JOHN D. BYRNE

Reston, Wash.

Sirs:

Congratulations to the trio of Dan Jenkins, George Plimpton and Frank Deford for once again bringing back the oft-neglected humorous aspect of sports.

Of course, it's not difficult to determine why all three of these articles—Jenkins' on this year's Game of the Decade, Plimpton's on the Harvard-Yale game and Deford's on the sanctity of American sports clichés—appeared in the same Nov. 22 issue. It's obvious that the reporters on the SI staff have picked up momentum.

As an appreciative sports fan with a particular liking for sports humor, I say thanks for the issue that I will affectionately think of as SI's Issue of the Decade.

CHARLES ARNOLD

Phoenix, Ariz.

CITY AND COUNTRY

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed your Nov. 22 issue, with what Alice Higgins' article on the National Horse Show (*Blues for an Orange Redhead*) and Rudolph S. Rauch III's story of Elsie Morgan and the West Waterford Hounds (*As Dance of Prentiss for the Banks and the Boys*). And when

continued

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Drug laws abroad:

If you're touring a foreign country, get set for some hard news.

No matter which way you go, you'll smack into drug laws that are a whole lot tougher than our drug laws.

You may have heard differently. You may have heard possession and sale of drugs overseas or south of our own border is okay. Or at least permitted. That's a lie. Drugs are illegal. The same is here. And that's the truth.

Only one thing is different. The penalties are stiffer. In Lebanon, for instance, possession and use gets you 1 to 3 years in a mental hospital. That's the law there.

Drug arrests of Americans in Europe, Mexico and the East have jumped 70% since last year.

There's no way around their laws. And nobody can really help you. Not your friends. Or your family. Or the smartest lawyer in town. Not the United States government. They've all tried and failed. That's why there are over 700 American citizens doing time on drug charges in foreign jails.

Those are the facts. And so are these: the drug laws and penalties of 15 foreign countries.

Which one will you be visiting?

Mexico. Possession 2 to 9 years plus fine. Trafficking 3 to 10 years plus fine. Illegal import or export of drugs 6 to 15 years plus fine. Persons arrested on drug charges can expect a maximum of 6 to 12 months pre-trial confinement. U.S. Embassy Cor. Durazo and Pasadela Reforma 305 Colonia Cuauhtémoc Mexico City, Mexico Tel. 511-7991

Spain. Penalty depends on quantity of drugs involved. Less than 500 grams, fine and release on bail until trial. More than 500 grams, heavy fine plus minimum of 6 years in jail. U.S. Embassy Sentado 75 Madrid, Spain Tel. 278-5400

Italy. Possession or attempted sale 3 years. Trafficking 3 to 8 years. Persons arrested on drug charges are not eligible for bail. U.S. Embassy Via V. Veneto 119 Rome, Italy Tel. 4674

Denmark. For violation of the Law of Lophonia, fine, imprisonment or both, up to 2 years, at the discretion of the court. The Ministry of Justice has announced that foreigners would be expelled or deported from the country if found in possession of even small amounts of hashish. U.S. Embassy Dag Hammarskjöld Allé 24 Copenhagen, Denmark Tel. TR1A-4594

Greece. Possession minimum 7 years jail. Trafficking 5 to 20 years plus fine. U.S. Embassy 91 Boudou, Septim's Blvd. Athens, Greece Tel. 712551

Germany. Possession 2 years. Law may be changed this summer demanding increased penalty. U.S. Embassy Helmer Avenue 51 Bonn-Bad Godesberg Bonn, Germany Tel. 02228-1955

Japan. Sentences based on amount of drugs. Recent case involved 600 grams of hashish. Subject was sentenced to 2 years. Deportation follows. U.S. Embassy 10-5 Akasaka 1-4, 4th floor Minato-Ku, Tokyo Tel. 563-7341

Lebanon. Possession and sale 1 to 3 years in a mental hospital. Trafficking 3 to 15 years. U.S. Embassy Corniche at Rue Ayé Maronite Beirut, Lebanon Tel. 234-800

Jamaica. Possession, maximum of 18 months. U.S. Embassy 43 Duke Street Kingston, Jamaica Tel. 26341

France. Possession, varies, but less than for trafficking. More than 100 g to 4 months pre-trial confinement. Trafficking 1 to 5 years. U.S. Embassy 19 Rue de l'Amazoneville Paris, France Tel. Angou 6440

United Kingdom. Possession of heroin or LSD, 7 years in prison or a fine of \$1,000 or both. Possession of Codeine or Cannabis 5 years imprisonment. U.S. Embassy 24/31 Grosvenor Square W.1, London, England Tel. 499-9000

Turkey. Possession 3 to 15 years. Trafficking 10 years to life. U.S. Embassy 110 Ataturk Blvd. Ankara, Turkey Tel. 125-050

Bahamas. Possession 3 months to 1 year. U.S. Embassy Auditor Building Nassau, Bahamas Tel. 21181

Canada. Possession of any drug (including marijuana) up to 7 years in prison at the discretion of the judge. Up to life imprisonment but not less than 7 years for importation of narcotics (including marijuana) into the country. U.S. Embassy 140 Wellington Street Ottawa, Canada Tel. 236-2341

Sweden. Possession of sale up to 11 months and permanent expulsion from the country. U.S. Embassy Strandström 108 Stockholm, Sweden Tel. 63/05/20

19TH HOLE continued

you added *The Rediscovery of New York City* by Coles Phinizy, I thought my week was made! There have been numerous articles about New York City lately, and I was all set for nostalgia. But you fooled me! I'm from Manhattan (love that island) but that *Interpol Six* must have come from Brooklyn!

Wind and storm can be beautiful, and marshlands glistening in the rising sun can provide an unforgettable moment, but these voyages were too city-bred and too city-fied to even unearth oldtime tales or make up interesting new ones. For my money, this article was a bust!

Keep up the good work. I may not be interested in all the things you write about—but each week there is always at least one tasty tidbit.

FREDIA BURNETT

Millington, Md.

Sir:

Rudolph Raich's narrative on the West Waterford Hounds is one of the finest articles I have ever read. Why? Because he has written for the reader. What one needs to know, he tells—but without condescension. That alone is unique.

EDWARD L. VILTS

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

PROFESSIONAL OPINION

Sir:

While reading my favorite magazine the other day, I was surprised to learn that I had described all professional athletes as psychopaths (SCORECARD, Nov. 8). I am afraid there's been a bit of a slip between my lip and your printed page.

Several weeks ago, during a luncheon in New York City, I was discussing with several newspaper writers the tremendous pressures on athletes—especially the pressure to win, win, win. I commented that in view of these pressures and resulting emotional stress, it was surprising to me that more athletes did not suffer from emotional disturbances.

In my youth I was an athlete of sorts. In later years I officiated at basketball and football games until my aging legs no longer could keep up with speedy backs and guards. I have served as physician for high school, college, semipro and pro teams. I also have served as medical adviser to the Nevada State Boxing and Wrestling Commission.

So, having known hundreds of athletes—and known them well—I'm sure there are no more psychopathic personalities among athletes than among bankers, plumbers, airline pilots, physicians or any other group of men who face the stresses of our times.

WESLEY W. HALE, M.D.

President

American Medical Association

Reno

continued

"Their drug laws are a whole lot tougher than ours. Check it out."



There are two cars built in Sweden.

This is the one that reduces your collision insurance rates 15% at Allstate.



Recently, the Allstate Insurance Company challenged the automobile industry to build a car that could withstand a 5 mile an hour front end and a 2½ mile an hour rear end collision with an immovable barrier without *any* damage to the car.

Build such a car, said Allstate, and we'll reduce collision insurance rates on it 15%...a reduction that can save the car owner twenty-five, fifty, maybe even eighty dollars or more a year on insurance premiums.

As of today, only one car has qualified for that reduction.

The car? The new SAAB 99E.

Our car.
It hits the barrier head on at 5 and rearward at 2½ miles an hour, without any damage. No dents. No scratches. Nothing.

This also means our car passes

the 1973 Federal Safety Standards for low speed collisions a year before it's required.

Our car is a lot different from the other car built in Sweden in other ways, too.

Our car has Front-Wheel Drive, a standard 4-cylinder, fuel-injected, overhead cam engine and 4-speed transmission (3-speed automatic is optional), 4-wheel disc brakes and roll-over construction. Radial tires are standard too.

One thing that isn't a lot different is price. Our car costs about the same as theirs.

So before you buy their car, drive ours. The SAAB 99E. We think you're going to buy it instead.

SAAB 99E

Before you buy theirs, drive ours.



SAAB's new energy absorbing bumpers are standard equipment on the 1977 model 99E. Front and rear. These bumpers are made with heavy 12 shaped steel rails, with energy absorbing cellular plastic blocks between them, all covered with black rubber. These bumpers absorb shocks before they reach the passengers and prevent minor bumps from becoming major repair bills.



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19TH HOLE continued

TWINKLING STARS

Sirs:
Congratulations to SI and Mark Mulvey for a fine, long-deserved article on the Minnesota North Stars (*Manages Who Are No Moosekies*, Nov. 22). It is about time hockey fans started classing the North Stars with the established teams in the NHL.

RICHARD GILULA

Minneapolis

Sirs:

Congratulations on a wonderful article by Mark Mulvey. It is about time Gump Worsley was recognized for what he is, a tremendous goalie.

What with all the talk about George Blundin being an old man the goes into a football game for three seconds to kick the ball! people tend to forget that Worsley is just an old and plays 60 minutes of hard hockey in goal. So let us have a little less about Blundin and more about Gumper, who is truly amazing.

MIKE KORTZ

Lebanon, Ill.

Sirs:

While I admire the job Wren Blair has done in making the North Stars the best of the expansion teams, I feel this is a highly temporary state. Such key players to the Stars' fortunes as Ted Harris, Murray Oliver, Charlie Burns, Dean Prentice, Doug Melros, Bob Nevin and both goalhandlers are at least in their 30s. Over a season that will last for 6½ months, it is going to be hard to prevent injuries or exhaustion from taking their toll.

The Stars will very likely finish in second place, but with more expansion coming up, I hope that they won't sacrifice youth for one or two years of success on the ice. The St. Louis Blues are starting to pay the price for building up in the way the Stars have, and I hope Wren Blair has taken note of that fact.

JIM MICHAELS

Mamaroneck, N.Y.

TRIBUTE

Sirs,

Thanks for Dan Jenkins' fine story of the World Cup tournament (*For Jack, That Beat Goes On*, Nov. 22), a proper tribute to the best golfer in the world, Jack Nicklaus. Nobody can match Big Jack's devotion to the game, his intelligence, his dedication, his passion for excellence and his concern for his fellow golfers. The King of Golf reigns supreme.

RAYMOND HOOVER

Timberville, Va.

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